The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

ARY 1941

XXVIII NO. 1

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The Relief Society Magazine

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXVIII JANUARY, 1941 No.

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Greetings

TO our devoted and faithful co-workers—Relief Society women throughout the Church—we extend, in behalf of the General Board, love, greetings and sincere good wishes for a peaceful and blessed New Year.

We are deeply grateful for the untiring efforts you have put forth during the past year in the great Relief Society cause—for the splendid growth and progress which have come to the organization as a result of your efforts, and for the faithful service you have rendered so unselfishly to your fellowmen in connection with, and as a part of, the Church welfare program. We have grown not only in numbers, but in strength and efficiency, and in spirituality. The good you have done to others has been a blessing to them, and because of this work your own lives, as well as the lives of all others concerned, have been enriched spiritually and brought in closer touch with our Heavenly Father. We are sure you have felt in your ministrations that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We are grateful to our Father in Heaven for mercy and for His many blessings to us, and, above all else, we are grateful for the Gospel which has been restored in these latter days and through which we receive our greatest comfort and place.

We realize that your year of service has been marked with real work and toil, but we are sure that it has been blessed by the lessons learned, the development received, and by the loving friendships and comradeships which have been formed and which come while working unitedly in a noble and righteous cause. These close personal and spiritual associations which are outstanding features of Relief Society work are no less important than other things acquired and accomplished.

While we rejoice in our work and achievements and in our many blessings, our hearts are heavy and sad at this sacred season because of the spirit of strife and bitterness and hate that is abroad in the world, and because of the suffering and sorrow of thousands of innocent, Christ-loving men, women and children who, through no fault of their own but through the selfishness and greed and sinfulness of others, are victims of this tragic situation. Let us keep these unfortunate children of our Heavenly Father in mind, let us appeal to Him daily for their deliverance, and for the peace of the world, which Christ came so many years ago to bring.

And now, dear sisters, let us begin the New Year with a desire in our hearts for guidance and inspiration, for faith and courage; let us seek the fellowship of our Heavenly Father and live according to His teachings, that the fount of His spirit will be open to us. Let us treasure our testimonies and hold fast to our convictions and live so that we can claim the blessings which are promised to those who are faithful. May we realize that "the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Amy Brown Lyman
Marcia K. Howells
Donna D. Sorensen
General Presidency

Vera White Pohlman
General Secretary-Treasurer

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL PRESIDENCY AND GENERAL SECRETARY-TREASURER

Front row: Donna D. Sorensen, second counselor; Amy Brown Lyman, president.
Back row: Vera W. Pohlman, secretary-treasurer; Marcia K. Howells, first counselor.

The
Relief Society Magazine

ol. XXVIII JANUARY, 1941 No. 1

What A Prophet Means To Latter-Day Saints

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith
Member of the Council of the Twelve
(Relief Society Conference Address, October 2, 1940)

I AM asked to discuss the question, "What a Prophet Means to Latter-day Saints." In order to get his question before us, perhaps it would be well to first discuss the uestion, "What is a prophet?" The dea prevails quite generally in the vorld, and has come down through he ages, that a prophet is a man who eeps himself aloof from the rest f his fellow-beings, a recluse, dressed erhaps in camel's hair or in some ther garment that would distinuish him from the rest of humanity; hat he mingles with humanity only vhen the spirit of prophecy is upon im; moreover, that a prophet is one vho speaks by inspiration and reeals the future. But this is only ne of the qualifications of a prophet. saiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Malachi, and others have rophesied of the future, and have iven us a great deal of information eneficial to the world. But we have o revelation given to us concerning Melchizedek, and yet it is said of Melchizedek that there was none reater before him. So great was he hat the Lord honored him by havng the Priesthood after the order of the Son of God called after his name, and so we call it the Melchizedek Priesthood. We have no prophecies except the statements that were of local color coming to us from Elijah, and yet Elijah is referred to constantly throughout the Scriptures and by us today as Elijah the Prophet, because of the greatness of his work.

The Lord said of John the Baptist that there was none greater. No prophet had been born into this world greater than John, and yet John's prophesying was limited to the coming of Christ. Then, what is a prophet?

A prophet, as I understand the term, is one who teaches by the voice of inspiration the words of eternal life, and who officiates in the saving ordinances of the Gospel. Predicting is only one, I say, qualification of a prophet.

When John was on the Isle of Patmos, a messenger came to him, and John fell to his knees and was about to worship him. But this messenger said unto him, "See thou do it not: I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren that have the

testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the Testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." In other words, every person who is baptized and confirmed should have the spirit of inspiration and should know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Every person should live in harmony with the revealed truth; and in doing that, and receiving the testimony through the Holy Spirit that Jesus lives and is the Son of God, he or she becomes a prophet or prophetess, and is entitled to the guidance of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, who is the spirit of prophecy.

Now to understand the nature of a prophet, and the need of prophecy, it is necessary for us to discuss the nature of life, life in its fullest sense, not life merely here in this world, but life in all of its existence and throughout all eternity. We lived in the presence of God in the spirit before we came here. We desired to be like Him, we saw Him, we were in His presence. There is not a soul in this building today who has not seen both the Father and the Son, and in the spirit world we were in their presence; but it became necessary for us to gain experiences which could not be obtained in that world of spirits, and so we were accorded the privilege of coming down here upon this earth. And the Lord, as he stood there in the midst of the spirits, said that they would go down and prepare an earth upon which they could dwell, and He said:

"And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them;

"And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever." (*Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham 3:25-26)

SO we were placed here upon this earth for the purpose of gaining experience. When Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden he was innocent; he knew not the difference between right and wrong; he was immortal; he was not subject to death, and it became necessary that he should transgress the law under which he was living so that mortality could come upon him, and thus from him to all of his posterity. The fruit of the knowledge of the tree of good and evil was placed before him in order to bring to pass that very condition. We read in the Scriptures that "Adam fell that man might be, and men are that they might have joy." He knew nothing of pain, nothing of sorrow; in fact, all the vicissitudes of mortality came into existence through the fall of man, but the fall of man, of course, of necessity shut Adam out of the presence of God. It also shut his posterity out of His presence. Therefore, it became necessary that someone be sent from the heavens to teach Adam that he might know and understand the plan of salvation and exaltation, and the means by which he could overcome the difficulties of mortal life and come back again into the presence of God the Father. So an angel was sent to him to instruct him and, among other things, the angel said unto him, "Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son for evermore." And the principles of the Gospel were made known to him and to Eve.

Mother Eve has preached one of the finest discourses that was ever delivered by any preacher upon the earth. It is very brief, and I am going to read it to you:

"And Eve, his wife, heard all these things (that is, the things which the angel declared unto Adam) and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient." (*Pearl of Great Price, Moses* 5:11)

And all that came by reason of the fall. If it had not been for the fall, we would not be here. Adam and Eve would have remained in the Garden of Eden; they would not have known good and evil; they would have learned nothing about the redemption which was prepared before the foundation of the world; for Jesus was chosen and the redemption was prepared before the foundation of the world to bring Adam and all his posterity back to life through the resurrection, to give unto them immortality and, if they would keep the commandments of God, eternal life.

So it was necessary that these principles of salvation should be taught to the children of men. The Lord sent prophets among them, and these prophets preached the word of the Lord to the inhabitants of the earth. We read further:

"And Adam and Eve blessed the name of God, and they made all things known unto their sons and their daughters.

"And Satan came among them, saying: I am also a son of God, and he commanded them, saying: Believe it not; and they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual, and devilish." (*Pearl of Great Price, Moses* 5:12-13)

That is the condition that has prevailed in the world since the fall of man. Nevertheless, the Lord has sent His angels; He has spoken unto man by His own voice, and has given unto man inspiration so that the human family might know the plan of salvation and might have the privilege of living in the light of truth and walking before the Lord in righteousness.

In Section I of the *Doctrine and Covenants*, we have a very significant statement. The Lord says:

"And the arm of the Lord shall be revealed; and the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord, neither the voice of his servants, neither give heed to the words of the prophets and apostles, shall be cut off from among the people;

"For they have strayed from mine ordinances, and have broken mine everlasting covenant;

"They seek not the Lord to establish his righteousness, but every man walketh in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world, and whose substance is that of an idol, which waxeth old and shall perish in Babylon, even Babylon the great, which shall fall." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 1:14-16)

NOW because of this condition, because of the agency of man, and because Satan came among them, the majority of mankind has turned away from the teaching the Lord has given. They have refused to hearken to the counsels of prophets and apostles; but the Lord has sent to them, notwithstanding these conditions, down through the ages, His servants, the prophets, to teach them. Let me read further:

"Wherefore, I the Lord, knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto

him from heaven, and gave him commandments;

"And also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, which was written by the prophets—

(This is very significant) "The weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should not counsel his fellow man neither trust in the arm of flesh—

"But that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world;" (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 1:17-20)

That is the reason for the restoration of the Gospel through prophets. That is the significance of prophets among Latter-day Saints.

"But that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world;

"That faith also might increase in the earth;

"That mine everlasting covenant might be established;

"That the fulness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 1:20-23)

According to this, not only Joseph Smith was to be a prophet, not only his counselors and the Council of the Twelve were to be prophets, but every person who would be willing to accept the truth, who would humble himself, and come into the Church, might speak in the name of God, the Lord, even the Savior of the world.

The purpose of prophecy, in the sense in which I have interpreted it, is that faith also might increase in the world. If we had no revelation, if there should be no opening of the heavens, no guidance by inspiration or revelation, then we ourselves would drift into forbidden paths, and it would only be a short time until we would be just as bad off as the rest of the world.

We look upon the writings in the *Bible* as scripture, and have accepted them as scripture. We look upon the writings in the *Doctrine and Covenants*, *Pearl of Great Price*, and *Book of Mormon* as scripture; we have accepted them in that way. But have we realized that these prophets of old spoke under the inspiration of the spirit of the Lord just as elders of Israel are entitled to do today? Let me read this to you. The Lord, speaking to one of his servants who was to go forth and preach the Gospel, told him to go forth and preach among the congregations of the wicked by the spirit of the living God:

"And, behold, and lo, this is an ensample unto all those who were ordained unto this priesthood, whose mission is appointed unto them to go forth—

"And this is the ensample unto them, that they shall speak as they are moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

"And whatsoever they shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost shall be scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, shall be the voice of the Lord and the power of God unto salvation.

"Behold, this is the promise of the Lord unto you, O ye my servants.

"Wherefore, be of good cheer, and do not fear, for I the Lord am with you, and will stand by you; and ye shall bear record of me, even Jesus Christ, that I am the Son of the living God, that I was, that I am, and that I am to come." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 68:2-6)

THAT is what the Lord said. When one of the brethren stands before a congregation of the people today, and the inspiration of the Lord is upon him, he speaks that

which the Lord would have him speak. It is just as much scripture as anything you will find written in any of these records, and yet we call these the standard works of the Church. We depend, of course, upon the guidance of the brethren who are entitled to inspiration. There is only one man in the Church at a time who has the right to give revelation for the Church, and that is the President of the Church. But that does not bar any other member in this Church from speaking the word of the Lord as indicated here in this revelation, but a revelation that is to be given as these revelations are given in this book, to the Church, will come through the presiding officer of the Church; yet the word of the Lord, as spoken by other servants at the general conferences and stake conferences, or wherever they may be when they speak that which the Lord has put into their mouths, is just as much the word of the Lord as the writings and the words of other prophets in other dispensations.

Now the reason for prophets in this day is that we might be guided in all truth, that we might draw near unto God, that we might know His ways and walk in His paths in righteousness.

I want to read another passage of scripture. This, I think, is one of the finest things the Lord has given:

"Wherefore, he that preacheth and he that receiveth, understand one another, and both are edified and rejoice together." (Provided the one who speaks is speaking under the inspiration of the spirit of God.) We have a great many speakers who speak among us who are not guided by the spirit of God. They are guided by their own inspiration—the inspiration of men. They have put their trust in men rather than in the Lord. The Lord says, in cases of this kind,

"And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness.

"That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

"And again, verily I say unto you, and I say it that you may know the truth, that you may chase darkness from among you." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 50:23-25)

Now it is the privilege of every member of this Church to be a prophet; it is the privilege of every member of the Church to know the truth, to speak by the truth, to have the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; it is our privilege, individually, as stated here, to receive the light and to walk in the light; and if we continue in God, that is, keep all of His commandments, we shall receive more light until eventually there shall come to us the perfect day of knowledge.

I will read another passage:

"The Spirit of truth is of God. I am the Spirit of truth, and John bore record of me, saying: He received a fulness of truth, yea, even of all truth;

"And no man receiveth a fulness unless he keepeth his commandments.

"He that keepeth his commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 93:26-28)

To an ancient prophet the Lord said:

"Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." (*Proverbs*, 29-18)

Again:

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but (until) he revealeth his secret to his servants the prophets." (*Amos*, 3:7)

Men are entitled to receive a warning that they may repent and gain knowledge of the things of God. To Hyrum Smith, who came to his brother, the Prophet, to know what the Lord would have him do even before the Church was organized, the Lord said:

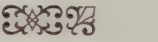
"Deny not the spirit of revelation, nor the spirit of prophecy, for wo unto him that denieth these things;

"Therefore, treasure up in your heart until the time which is in my wisdom that you shall go forth.

"Behold, I speak unto all who have good desires, and have thrust in their sickle to reap." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 11:25-27)

So through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the guidance of the Lord, which may come to any one of us, the privilege is granted that we may walk in truth until eventually, not now, we shall know the truth in its fulness; we shall stand before the Lord in righteousness, and shall be like Him. Without the guidance of inspiration and revelation these things could not come.

The Lord bless you, I pray, and guide us all that we may walk in the light and follow the inspiration of those who speak and teach among us, who in humility and faith endeavor to put before the people the will of the Lord rather than their own commandments, and so I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



WINTER

Across the fields and gardens that we knew,
To sweep the summer glory from our sight,
To blot away the red, the green, the blue,
Cold Winter weaves a shroud of snowy white.

Against the sunset of a gray-blue sky,
The birches and the aspens rise to fling
Their leafless branches in a pattern high,
That on this harp a winter wind may sing.

What is this Law—this quiet death to keep
The roots close folded in the land's sweet breast,
The small, brown seeds within their span of sleep,
That sends wee birds away to search a nest?

There is no death in Winter's glistening snow!
God's purpose lingers in the earth's dark womb.
Fruit, flowers, gladsome things the world shall know,
When Spring, in all her wonder, wakens from the tomb.

—*Beatrice Rordame Parsons.*

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

The Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three award winners in the 1940 Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest.

The first prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Helen Candland Stark, Faulk Road, R.F.D. No. 2, Wilmington, Delaware, for her poem "Grains of Life."

The second prize of ten dollars is awarded to Mrs. La Verne Jensen Stallings, 1393 South 13th East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Three Gifts."

The third prize of five dollars is awarded to Mrs. Elsie F. Parton, 34 Dumbleton Road, Hurstville, N. S. W., Australia, for her poem "Restoration."

This memorial poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1923. It is held in honor of Eliza Roxey Snow, second general president of the Relief Society and one of the most gifted of our early-day poets.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women and is designed to stimulate and encourage them to write poetry and to appreciate the beauty and value of poetic verse. Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

There were 101 poems entered in this year's contest. The General Board commends the entrants on the general excellence of the poems submitted. The selection of prize-winning poems required very careful, painstaking analysis on the part of the judges.

It is a distinct recognition to be an award winner among so many gifted contestants. We congratulate those who achieved this recognition. We appreciate the wide interest evidenced in the contest and thank all who have contributed to its success—the entrants for the high quality of work submitted, the General Board Poem Contest Committee for its interest in the success of the contest and for its devoted and tireless efforts, and the three judges for their willing service, careful consideration of poems submitted, and for the excellence of their judgment in selecting prize-winning poems. The prize-winning poems, together with photographs of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

HELEN CANDLAND STARK

MRS. LA VERNE JENSEN STALLINGS

Grains of Life

Fragments Of A Sonnet Cycle

Helen Candland Stark

(Awarded First Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest)

I

Planting

If I could give to you a dew-wrapped day,
You have no need to tell me—I should know
That you would use it all to make things grow.
The furling bud, the fruiting branch are pay
More than enough for loam from stubborn clay.
If noon wilted or harsh rains turned to snow,
If whir of locusts darkened skies to mow
Earth naked—plant again. Thus you would say.

But love, our love, can have no second root.
We gardened well and won a tall white flower
From a bud that burgeoned from a bitter shoot
Rooted in sullen soil. Let come no hour
When we neglect to guard that tall bright tree
Whose harvesting must be our destiny.

II

Blight

August is the month of broken dreams:
The amber pear splits in the grass, worm-eaten;
The fish drift sideways in the shrunken streams;
And in the fields the fecund shocks lie beaten
With hail. What are those puny stalks of gray
Seen through a mid-day dusk of drifting soil?
Listen! The crickets work on stubbled hay,
And canker takes the perfect rose as spoil.

And I who kept my body for this fruiting,
Know now the wandering seed can find no rest—
Part of the waste of August's heavy looting,
Part of the waste of nature's heavy jest.
September, can your gentler hands redeem
The scattered fragments of the broken dream?

III

Birth

Let this then sober you about to wed:
Your loins and hers are living woof and warp
For special patterning. That tilt of head,
The tall bone, the laugh-closed eye, the sharp
Strength of hand—lovers made these belong
To us. Through them still other lovers sent
Our strand of silver words, our love of song—
Once more designing new experiment.

Let this then sober you about to wed:
That pattern, broken, now begins anew;
Here is the snapping of the ragged thread,
The family pattern rent of us and you.
Yet part of you goes with us past your place,
And Mother looks again from your son's face.

Three Gifts

Mrs. La Verne Jensen Stallings

(Awarded Second Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest)

I

SONG

A small bird flew into a waiting world . . . and Song was born!
Each feathered throat took up the note and sang a Song of Morn!

Ten million busy beating hearts joined in a Song of Day!
Sweet children skipping down the street tossed up a Song of Play!

A grandame knitting in her chair rocked out a Song of Ease!
Wild surging waves upon the shore called forth a Song of Seas!

Great anvils hurled on towering steel forged in a Song of Might!
Celestial Symphonies of Spheres flashed down a Song of Light!

Two lovers singing in the rain sent happiness along . . . .
The whole world heard the small brown bird that came and brought a Song!

II

BEAUTY

Ah, Beauty, with your brush of wings across my eager eyes,
What loveliness you bring along in joyous quick surprise!

Gay butterflies that flash their rainbowed fans above the lawn
Where dusk winds play and night winds play and the gentle winds of dawn.
A myriad meadow creatures small, swift fleeting down the lea . . . .
To dip their faces in the brook that ripples toward the sea;
The curling, swirling, crimson leaves that hurry past my door
And clear the way for winter snows adrift on earth's brown floor,
Soft mists that rise from lake and land to homing in the sky
That tall tree's hands might brush them on against the boundless High!

Come, take me with you, Beauty, to your kingdoms fair and far,
Perhaps there I can gather silver from the evening star,
Bright golden apples from the moon and countless other things,
Oh, Beauty, take me with you . . . . I have always wanted wings!

III

LOVE

The silent rush of thankfulness that comes at break of day
When I awake and rise again to work and laugh and play,
Oh, this is love . . . glad love of life!

A swift unbidden sorrow with its sodden beat of pain,
The urgency of welcome tears that fall like cooling rain,
This, too, is love . . . strange love of strife!

All patient labor of my hands from dawn till day is done,
Green gardens growing in the shade, clothes swinging in the sun,
Yes, this is love . . . my love of sod!

The deep and aching tenderness for babes upon my breast,
Sweet heady wine of lover's arms in ecstacy and rest,
Ah, this is love . . . 'tis love of God!

For God has sent His holy flame through every living thing
To quicken life and gladden life, and make it leap and sing!
Then, may my soul's small candlelight lit from that flame above
Burn ever with a steady prayer . . . . "Thank God, thank God, for Love!"

ELSIE F. PARTON

Restoration

Elsie F. Parton

(Awarded Third Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest)

The once green breast of the outraged earth
Lay bare and black and scarred.
The stiff gaunt trees stripped of leaf and branch
Stood naked, worn and hard.
A gaping hole from a bursting shell
Was strewn with mangled dead,
And structures fell 'neath the batt'ring guns
Where smouldering waste was spread.

The crimson dawn lit the eastern sky
When day was born anew.
A single bloom curved its petals bright
To cup the morning dew.
A small bird hopped on a broken spar
To chirp its roundelay;
An infant crawled from a stiff cold arm
And toddled on its way.

Gambling

Rulon W. Clark
Judge of the Juvenile Court, Salt Lake City, Utah

IT is our duty and responsibility as leaders in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to assist the young people who come under our direction to develop strong characters which will make them good members of the Church and good citizens of the state and nation to which we belong.

Character is the sum total of an individual's inner traits, as represented by his conduct. The thing that makes a man strong in character, as we usually consider it, is not merely an accumulation of integrated traits, but also a worthy and desirable motive, purpose, or ultimate objective judged from the point of view of society as a whole. We must have the traits, of course, but they must be used in the proper direction. A man possessed of a fine array of abstract virtues may be likened to a loaded gun which may be used either in defense from an attack of a vicious animal or to assassinate a president. The direction in which the gun is fired is certainly as important as the fact that it is a loaded, efficient weapon. Also, a worthy or desirable objective without the traits that assist in its realization is as useless as an unloaded, defective weapon pointed at a vicious animal.

One of the fundamental elements of good character is that of honesty. A child should be given an opportunity to practice honesty as well as to be taught the principles of it; to employ it in many and varying situations. Honesty denotes honesty in speech, actions, correspondence, dress, relationships with self, one's own family, one's own group and with outside groups.

Too often, children are allowed to conceive the idea that it is not the violation of law nor the commission of a delinquent act which is really vital, but the being caught for the commission of such act. And with a development of this attitude, a child may allow himself to commit acts of delinquency or crime feeling that he is justified. He may see his elders or prominent persons in a civic or religious organization performing the same or similar acts, or he may feel that because others speculate or resort to unfair practices he is justified so long as he is not apprehended.

One of the outstanding urges in character education is that of curiosity. Plato says, "Curiosity is the mother of all knowledge." The mind of the youth is continuously searching for information, and is receptive to information, and the answer to his sincere yearning is of great importance. The teacher who says to the child, "You must keep still," is failing to recognize the high principle of teaching which should characterize a real teacher. Sometimes children are taught that they should not be so inquisitive or curious—that "curiosity killed the cat." The present-day child is not satisfied with such an admonition. He wants to know what the cat was curious about. With this idea burning within him, the child is often

led to speculate, experiment and often to gamble.

THE element of chance enters very largely into everything we undertake, and it should be remembered that the spirit in which we do things decides very largely whether we are gambling or entering into a legitimate business enterprise. There is also a very close similarity between gambling and games of skill. In fact, they are sometimes so closely associated that superior courts have been called upon to render decisions where prosecution has been attempted.

Gambling as distinguished from a game is defined in Nelson's Encyclopedia as follows: "Gambling, according to law, is an agreement between two or more persons whereby they risk money or anything of value, upon the result of a game of chance, in which one or more may win, and the other or others lose. The term, 'game' includes every possible scheme or contrivance for amusement which involves a test of skill or endurance or any element of chance."

Regardless of one's attitude as to gambling, there are two paramount questions which arise in our minds: First, is one violating the law of the state by gambling, thereby making himself a criminal in the eyes of the law and subjecting himself to criminal prosecution? Second, is one injuring himself or others by gambling or permitting gambling devices to be available to people who cannot afford to gamble, or to young people who might acquire the desire for gambling?

Gambling is unlawful in the State of Utah, and the persons participating are subject to punishment. The statute provides:

103-25-1—*A Felony—Seizure and Destruction of Paraphernalia*:

"Every person who deals or carries on, opens or causes to be opened, or who conducts, either as owner or employee, whether for hire or not, any game of faro, monte, roulette, lansquenet, rouge et noir, rondo, or any game played with cards, dice or any other device, for money, checks, credit or any other representative of value is guilty of a felony, and it shall be the duty of all sheriffs, constables, police and other peace officers whenever it shall come to the knowledge of such officer that any person has in his possession any cards, tables, checks, balls, wheels, slot machines or gambling devices of any nature or kind whatsoever used or kept for the purpose of playing for money, or for tokens redeemable in money, at any of the games mentioned in this chapter, or that any cards, tables, checks, balls, wheels, slot machines or gambling devices used or kept for the purposes aforesaid may be found in any place, to seize and take such cards, tables, checks, balls, wheels, slot machines or other gambling devices and convey the same before a magistrate of the county in which such devices shall be found; and it shall be the duty of such magistrate to inquire of such witnesses as he shall summon or as may appear before him in that behalf touching the nature of such gambling devices, and, if such magistrate shall determine that the same are used or kept for the purpose of being used at any game or games of chance described in this chapter, it shall be his duty to destroy the same."

The statute not only makes it illegal, but makes it a felony to own or operate or permit to be operated gambling devices in the State of Utah. It also provides that persons who own buildings or rent buildings are guilty of a misdemeanor when they permit a gambling game to be played upon the premises:

103-25-2 — "Every person who knowingly permits any of the games mentioned in the preceding section to be played, conducted or dealt in any house owned or rented by such persons, in whole or in part, and any person who plays at or against any of said prohibited games, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

One of our greatest difficulties in enforcing the statutes regarding gambling devices is that the devices are constructed so nearly like games of skill or like those for the sale of merchandise that they are classed as games of skill or vending machines and are licensed to be operated. There have been some decisions of our Utah Courts which make clear the distinction. In the case of Utah State Fair Association et al vs. Green et al, the Utah Supreme Court said: "But games of cards do not cease to be games of chance because they call for exercise of skill by the player, nor do games of billiards cease to be games of skill because at times, especially in the case of tyros, the result is determined by some unforseen accident, usually called 'luck.' The test of the character of the game is not whether it contains an element of chance or an element of skill, but which of these is the dominating element that determines the result of the game."

IT is argued by some that if people have the money and wish to gamble or spend it for entertainment, it is their own affair and the business of no one else. They know, or should know, when they gamble with commercial devices or in commercial gambling places that the chances are greatly against them, and in most instances they will lose their money. In the *American Magazine*, Volume 120, page 102, there is an article by a professional gambler, entitled "Some Folks are Lucky," written by J. B. Creswold. In part, he says: "Nine hundred ninety-nine people out of a thousand have no business gambling big money. The Thousandth is the person I usually get at my table. The other 999 are suckers and lose more than they can afford. My first indication is to figure they are getting what is coming to them, but I despise more than suckers the cheap gambler who trims them, and I shall be glad if I can do anything that will cut into his profits."

Gambling in itself is serious enough, but the development of the idea within a child that he can get something for little or nothing is wrong. In many instances which have come before the Juvenile Court, the children who have been found to be delinquent by reason of theft have attempted to justify themselves with the thought that they could "get by with it" without being caught, and it appears evident that this attitude might be developed from the gambling spirit.

In the days when slot machines were so prevalent in our state, our attention was called to one child who had been given five dollars by

his parents to purchase books and pay his student-body fee, etc., at school, and enroute stopped at a drug store. The girl who waited on him suggested that there was a slot machine in the basement which was about ready to "kick in," and the boy changed one of his dollars into nickles and proceeded to play the slot machine. Out of the entire five dollars played into the machine, he received twenty cents back. After spending his money, and realizing what he had done, he took an ice pick which he found in the basement and smashed the glass and removed the nickles from the machine. He was apprehended by the owner of the store, the money taken from him, and he was turned over to peace officers for handling. Instead of bringing the boy into Court, a complaint was filed against the owner of the store for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, but it appeared that before the case was brought to trial, the mother, signer of the complaint, withdrew the complaint and refused to testify, stating that the matter had been made right with her and that she had received ten dollars from the manager of the store to settle the matter.

IT might also be urged that we cannot legislate our morals, and that no matter how severe our legislation and strict the enforcement of our laws, we still cannot overcome the dangers of crime and delinquency without teaching and practicing correct principles in the home, the school, and the church. These institutions play a very important part in the formation of character of young people. From them should come the teaching, the training, and the establishment of ideals in the minds of youth. Those who are given the responsibility of teaching and training young people should be equipped with a knowledge of materials and the technique of building just the same as should the mechanic who attempts to build a building. Above all, youth should be stimulated with a desire to live up to lofty and noble ideals.

The practice of lottery and gambling has long been denounced by leaders of our Church. President Joseph F. Smith said in the *Juvenile Instructor* of October 1, 1902: "The desire to get something of value for little or nothing is pernicious; and any proceeding that strengthens that desire is an effective aid to the gambling spirit, which has proved a veritable demon of destruction to thousands. Among the vices of the present age, gambling is very generally condemned. Gambling under its true name is forbidden by law, and is discountenanced by the self-respecting element of society. Nevertheless, in numerous cases the demon of chance is welcomed in the home, in various groups, and the entertainments for worthy charities, even within the precincts of the sacred edifice; devices for raising money by appealing to the gambling instincts are common accessories at church sociables, other affairs, and the like. Whatever may be the condition elsewhere, this custom is not to be sanctioned within this Church; and any organization allowing such is in opposition to the counsel and instructions of the General Authorities of the Church."

Since the law of our state prohibits gambling and our Church authorities denounce it, our responsibility

as members is to obey the law and sustain the Church authorities. We, as adults, should take the lead and set the proper example, and the youth, seeing our good works, will have a greater incentive to develop into worthy members of the Church and respectable citizens of the state.

Gambling still exists in our city and state. The peace officers are making an attempt to control it, but they, without the support of public sentiment, cannot stop it. Arrests and convictions may be made, but until public sentiment is strong enough to demand it, the police cannot and will not stop it.

We, as a Church and a people, can greatly reduce the amount of gambling by helping to create public sentiment and urging law enforcement officers to enforce the law. However, the surest means of curtailing the evil among our own Church members is to see that all of our young people become and remain active in the Church program—to follow the admonition of the wise man who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I LOVE YOU, SNOW

Edna S. Dustin

I love you, snow; you, too, I've truly missed,
For you were near the day I met her there;
You melted on those lips I never kissed
And clung like diamonds in her hair.
And you were present when she went away,
And for her grave you wove each lacy flake
Into a counterpane where flowers lay,
And walked with me, sensing my heart must break.

And you are here again. I love you, snow;
My waiting cheek now feels your lambent touch;
It freshens tender memories—long ago,
And fills a heart with joy that's ached too much.
I never say that clouds are silver lined
For in each somber cloud, there you I find.

The Benediction

Maryhale Woolsey

PATIENTLY, Hester sat in the small, straight chair. Her hands were folded in her grey-silk lap; her feet, in fine kid slippers, were set neatly on the carpet. Her tired eyes sought, in turn, a narrow vista of garden through a window on her left, a photograph of her granddaughter, Sara Mae, on the desk opposite, or wandered aimlessly about the room, still strange after three long days and longer nights. Now and then, she moved slightly to ease her position. It was wearisome, sitting in the small, straight chair.

There was a more comfortable one, a cushioned armchair; but it was in full view of two great mirrors, which Hester did not like. Mirrors were not kind to an old woman, bent and wrinkled and gray. Besides, from the armchair she could not see the garden, which was her greatest interest.

She hoped it would be dry enough tomorrow for her to walk in the garden. It had trim beds and borders, with careful little walks between, exquisite pools and statuary, seats in delightful nooks. It had many flowers whose names Hester did not know, but it also had many of her old favorites—particularly, at this season, the iris. "Flags," she used to call them. The sight of them always brought memories of those other days, when her garden was a tiny plot of ground close by the kitchen door; she could run out between pot-watchings to pull weeds or to transplant something. She'd always loved flowers. . . . Perhaps tomorrow she could be out, among them. . . .

This was the last day she would have to spend in the big guest room, Renee had said. Her own room would be ready for her tonight, the cleaning and redecorating over with for another year. Hester sighed. The time had been so long. She hoped they hadn't made many changes to which she must become accustomed. She'd have the same furniture, anyway; Renee had said so, half apologetically, as if half ashamed. And there would be the wide window with her rocking-chair beside it, and, of course, "The Blessing." There would always be "The Blessing," which, ever since John died, almost forty years ago (she always remembered that with a sense of shock), had been her daily renewal of peace and faith.

John had given her "The Blessing" on their twentieth wedding anniversary—the "God Bless Our Home" motto, wreathed in red roses with blue forget-me-nots and feathery green ferns, behind a convex glass with a wide, gilded frame. It was John's unceasing message to her that all was well. It would be good to lie in her own bed tonight, knowing that "The Blessing" was shining down on her through the darkness.

Three days . . . she'd felt like a prisoner in the awesome guest room. Two days had been stormy; her rheumatism had been worse, and she couldn't go downstairs at all. Not that it mattered; except for her own, the downstairs rooms were not friendly to Hester. They were designed for people like Renee—well-dressed, busy, capable persons with complicated interests. People of this type, though always kind and polite,

made Hester feel exceedingly inferior. So, as Renee had pointed out, staying upstairs really was best—best, even with the mirrors and the strange, modernistic furniture and the loneliness.

The loneliness was worst. Hester's life had been hard, but never lonely. There had been so many things to do; time flew. Now, no tasks demanded accomplishment; everything was done for her.

"You've worked too hard all your life, Mother," Renee often said. "Now you can take things easy."

Take things easy! A maid looked after her every need. She brought fresh clothing every morning, turned water into the shiny tub for her bath, fetched towels, fragrant powder, silky underthings; carried her meals, savory and faultlessly served on big trays; asked solicitously, many times daily, "Don't you wish something, Mrs. Page?" She made her bed each morning, removed the satin spread and turned down the covers each evening. Hester had all her time to use "as she pleased"—but there was nothing to do. She sat alone with her memories, waiting for the end.

OUTSIDE, below the window, sudden activity drew Hester's attention. One of the cleaners had come out of the service door and started down the back path. Carelessly swinging from one hand was something that flashed in the sunshine. Hester caught her breath. It was "The Blessing"! What was that young man doing with it?

She stood up for a better view. The young man was heading straight for the service alley . . . setting "The Blessing" down by a tall ash can. He was throwing it away—trash, to be carried away with ashes and tin cans! The only treasure she had left of all the little treasures John had given her!

With a sobbing cry, Hester hurried out into the hall. Polished stair treads gleamed at her tauntingly; she dared not try to descend. She called down, her voice quivering:

"Renee! Renee!"

Slim and energetic at fifty-one in her dark frock, Renee appeared below. "Yes, Mother?"

"Renee! They're throwing away my 'Blessing'! I saw. . . . "

"Oh." Annoyed, Renee came briskly up. "Yes, I know, Mother. An accident . . . it's . . . broken."

Swiftly Hester answered, "But . . . we can get a new . . . glass. Renee, . . . make him bring it back!"

"But you see, the picture is . . . damaged, too. I'm sorry, Mother, . . . but we can't . . . repair it. Accidents will happen." Renee's arm around Hester's shoulders, she began to lead her gently but firmly back into the guest room.

Hester quivered with indignation. Renee was not sorry, she told herself. Renee considered "The Blessing" a "gaudy hold-over from an age of sentimentality"; she'd said so. Renee was glad of an excuse for getting rid of the too-bright roses, the too-ornate lettering.

"That 'Blessing'," Hester protested weakly, "was the only thing left that your pa gave me."

"I know. Also, it has belonged to you for more than forty years. You want to keep it. I know all that, Mother," Renee said, mercilessly kind. "But . . . accidents will . . .

lease do be sensible. You'll get ver it in time." She patted Hester's rembling shoulders. "Please excuse ne, Mother. I have to give direc-ions. . . . "

The door closed behind her capa-le back.

Slowly Hester returned to the mall, straight chair. Biting her lips, nce more she folded her hands in er lap. She could sit with folded ands . . . and remember. Only emembering was left to her.

SO swiftly the years seemed to have gone, now that she looked back —three-quarters of a century of mem-ries, in a long, hurrying parade. Hes-er could look down a broad, paved street and see a stretch of gray sage-brush among which she'd gathered sego lilies and Indian paintbrush nd sunflowers by the armful. She could remember tall trees as spin-dling little saplings, brave in their first year's growth. She could gaze at a great office-building and recall a rough-lumber shack that once had occupied the same location. Some-times she longed for the old space and freedom and peace, yet she liked to remember that she and John had helped build this fine, new world.

But John, she thought, would not have enjoyed this hectic new cen-tury. John had loved the wilds—the wide free range, long still trails, star-lit nights, the smell of sagebrush after rain. He'd be shocked at the modern devotion to luxury, the craze for speed and excitement. He'd never be contented in a small room or a formal garden. Maybe it was as well he had gone, before the com-ing of these things.

It hadn't been easy for Hester afterward. But John's foresight had provided means for educating his children. And they'd made good, all of them! John Junior was vice-president of a flourishing chain of banks, Robert a prominent sur-geon, Ruth a well-known artist. And Renie, the baby—having changed her name to Renee—had gone in for service clubs and politics and was widely known as an ardent worker for "the public good." Duty to "society" was her life's motive. She had finally married, at thirty-two; it was a woman's duty, she'd said, to marry and have children. Hester had been deeply shocked then, and many times, by Renee's views. Some-times she was almost afraid of her youngest daughter.

It had been Renee who'd insisted on "taking care of Mother," when the children had decided she must no longer be permitted to stay alone in the little half-century-old adobe house. They'd meant to be kind, and Hester knew that it hurt her sons' and daughters' pride to have her live in the "old shack," but the leaving of it marked the end of her happy years.

At that time, Hester had given up all the old possessions that had been dear to her—all, that is, except "The Blessing," with which she had stub-bornly refused to part.

"But, Mother," Renee had argued, "it just doesn't belong in our decor-ative scheme."

"No more do I," Hester had an-swered. "I'll be a stranger in a strange place, the rest of my days. But this and me—we stick together. It's all I've got that ever was touched by your pa's hands. . . . "

Finally, Renee had given in, and

"The Blessing" came to her big, fine house to hang conspicuously in the room she'd built, with its own shiny bathroom, for Hester. Oh, Renee had been wonderful to her mother. And the others had been kind, too; everyone remarked how devoted to their mother the Pages were. She should have been perfectly happy, Hester told herself, but there was the loneliness. Everyone had so many things to do; their visits were so short, with such long times between.

The grandchildren were busy, too. Young folks nowadays seemed to have more activities and interests than days had hours to indulge them. Hester hardly knew her grandchildren. Even Renee's boy and girl, though living beneath the same roof, were almost strangers to their mother's mother. The boy, Bob, usually rushed off to school, picked up breakfast and lunch at a cafeteria, and might or might not come home to dinner. He was seventeen, had his own car, his allowance, and his "crowd" of friends, who never seemed to stop in their hectic race. "Gotta go" seemed to be their favorite saying.

The girl, Sara Mae, Hester thought she could love dearly if given a chance to get acquainted. Sara Mae was twelve, a tall slender child with a face which Hester thought the most wistful she had ever seen. Her big brown eyes looked shadowed and unhappy. Yet she had everything, from her own shelves of books and a kitten in the corner of the garage, to a pretentious playhouse at the end of the garden. She played the piano well, sang well, danced a little—swift, exact tap-tap-taps on the hardwood floors. But between her and her grandmother there was little contact.

And so, for the most part, Hester was alone—with folded hands, patient, useless. And now, even "The Blessing," which had for so many years been to her the voice of her beloved husband lingering to comfort her, was gone, too—gone with the rest of the "trash."

THE little downstairs room was not the same. It was beautiful, yes—but strange, as she had feared. Hester was grateful when darkness veiled the changes, when she sat in her rocker and rocked herself to drowsiness. And she was glad to snuggle at last into her bed, to close her eyes on the night.

But she could not sleep. There was an emptiness around her, a hollow sort of silence that seemed to drive away slumber. Hester lay wide awake, thinking of "The Blessing" lying out there against a pile of trash.

At last she could stand it no longer. Rising, she struggled into a fleecy robe and put on her slippers. Their cushioned soles made no sound as she stole to the side door and opened it. The well-oiled bolt yielded silently as she turned the key.

Out under the stars, Hester felt a gleeful sense of adventure. She had never been afraid of the dark, and her only fear now was the fear of being discovered, or failing to find her way to the alley. She was unconscious of the chill dampness in the air and underfoot.

She stopped short, her heart throbbing. The alley light revealed no oval frame anywhere. A moment Hester stood still, then frantically

larted ahead, groping this way and hat, shuffling her feet along the round in the hope that "The Bless-ng" might have been shoved aside nd would be lying there in the sha-lows, invisible. But there was no se. It was gone. *Gone!*

Slowly, she crept back to the house. Her feet were cold and her eeth chattered, as she felt her way ack to bed. She lay trembling, shiv-ring, until the shivering gave way to burning and a pain in her chest.

"I can't imagine how you caught uch a cold," Renee said to her the next morning. There was concern n Renee's voice, but also there was vexation. Later, Hester heard her aying to her husband, in the hall, "I'm afraid we'll have to watch her nore carefully at night, Justin. Her slippers are *wet;* she must have wan-dered outside last night, maybe in her sleep!"

Hester turned her hot face to the wall. Renee thought she was get-ting childish. . . . But Hester couldn't tell what she had done. Renee couldn't, nor could Renee's husband, understand an old woman's need for a rose-wreathed "Blessing" that was broken and lost.

It was many days before she could go out again. Days when a white-clad nurse hovered constantly near; when Robert and John Junior came and stood gravely beside her bed, and once she heard them discussing with Renee the advisability of sending for Ruth. She paid scant heed. She seemed to be listening, longing for a voice—John's voice, which would say to her, "Up-a-girl, Hester! Away we go!" and there'd be a trail shining ahead. . . . But John did not call. Hester wondered why. It was such a long, useless wait!

THE day came when she could once more go out and wander about in the garden.

It was June, and the roses were out, a wealth of color. How beauti-ful they were! Hester wandered among them, delighting in them.

She had been unaware how far she walked, until suddenly she real-ized that she had come to the very farthest edge of the garden. And she was tired. Her legs had become all at once weak, as if they would give way beneath her. There was a seat a few steps away. She stumbled over to it and sat down to rest. There, after a few minutes, she be-came aware of the soft, sweet voice of Sara Mae, singing—not a popular song such as she sang for guests, but a Sunday-School hymn! Hester was surprised. After a moment or two, she, too, began to sing very softly, for it would never do to let Sara Mae be startled by hearing her grand-mother's cracked old voice accom-panying hers.

The song ended. Sara Mae's voice had come from the playhouse, which was almost hidden in a group of shrubs not far away. On a sudden impulse, Hester decided to pay a call.

It was a wonderful playhouse. It had electric lights and a small range, hot and cold water at a tiny sink, cabinets for dishes and cooking uten-sils and foodstuffs, a table with chairs for four. There was a bedroom for the doll family, and the living-room had upholstered furniture, a piano and a radio. And there was a telephone, which connected with

the house phone so that Sara Mae could be readily summoned.

All these things Hester was thinking of as she approached the playhouse door. When Sara Mae appeared in answer to her light tapping, Hester said, formally, "How do you do? I . . . I thought I'd drop in, if you're receiving callers today."

Sara Mae's brown eyes widened, but she smiled shyly: "I'm happy to see you. Won't you come in?"

Hester came in. She said, as she sat on the sofa, "I haven't seen your lovely home for such a long time. You've been redecorating, haven't you?"

Sara Mae, a puzzled frown wrinkling her young brows, followed Hester's conversational cue: "Yes, just a little. And *isn't* it a task! I thought we'd never be finished!"

Hester had to smile—the words and tone were so like Renee's. She commented, "But it's very lovely, when you are. . . . " Her admiring glance went around the room but suddenly stopped, words dying on her lips. There above the toy piano hung a gilded, oval frame that seemed to take up half the wall. Great roses, ludicrously oversized among the miniature furnishings of the room, looked over at Hester in a blur of red and pink, wreathing gold-lighted words: "God Bless Our Home."

Hester's role of make-believe slipped from her. She got up and went over to touch "The Blessing" lovingly, hungrily. "Why," she said, "it's only a wee bit broken. She said. . . ."

Sara Mae stood beside her. "What's the matter, Grandmother? Didn't you want it to be thrown away?"

Hester managed to smile. "I'm . . . so glad you saved it, darling! I thought it was . . . lost . . . for certain."

"You didn't want it thrown away, did you?" Sara Mae persisted.

Hester struggled for the right words. She fingered the glass. It was broken, all right; a piece about half as big as her hand had fallen out of the frame, and there was a torn place, ever so small, in the picture itself. Hester could hardly see it. She wanted to cry, and she wanted to laugh, thinking how Renee had seized such an opportunity to get "the gaudy thing" out of her grand house.

Sara Mae was waiting. Hester turned to her at last, and said slowly, "I . . . miss it, dear. I . . . love it so much, because your grandpa gave it to me, and because . . . well, I like what it says."

Sara Mae nodded gravely. "I do, too."

"But, of course," Hester went on with great courage, "it doesn't exactly belong in your mother's big beautiful house."

"But I liked it in your room, Grandmother," Sara Mae said. "It belongs where you are."

A warm little glow filled Hester's heart. "You're sweet, child. I'm so glad someone else loves it."

"I do." Sara Mae's head moved up and down with emphasis. "And, Grandmother, when I grow up, I'm going to have a house that will let the things I love belong in it—not just what a decorating scheme says, but what my heart says." The small, earnest face reddened beneath Hester's startled gaze, but she went on resolutely: "Mother's house is beau-

ful, Grandmother. But it isn't . . . lessed."

"Why, child!" Hester took her enderly by the shoulders. "What o you mean?"

"Well, if it was blessed, it ouldn't be . . . lonesome, would it? mean, there can be lots of people n it, but you're lonesome anyway. Oh, I don't know how to say it, ut. . . ."

"But I understand!" Hester exlaimed. She sank down again onto he toy sofa, and drew Sara Mae onto er lap. To her surprise, Sara Mae lid not withdraw. She lay against Hester's heart, and the ache that ad been within it was miraculously ealed.

"Oh, and I know now!" Sara Mae aid after a little, suddenly rising up. There was a shining something in er eyes. "It's . . . love, Grandmothr. Of course, I know Mother loves ne, but she just says it with words, ecause she's so busy, you know, vith duties to attend. She doesn't ave time to . . . to say it this way —and I like this way of saying . . . loving'." Her head came down gain, to Hester's breast, which had ched for the warmth of a childish orm close against it. Sara Mae's ace was flushed, but her small arms lung tightly around Hester's neck.

"Bless you, darling child. And 've been needing you so!"

"Needing me? But what for?" Sara Mae asked with wonderment.

"To love me, I suppose." Hester's eyes twinkled.

"Oh!" The small figure pressed closer, and long blissful moments passed.

After awhile, Sara Mae said, "Grandmother, tell me about when my mother was little. Did she look like me?"

Hester caught her breath. Oh, to have a listener who wanted to hear about the old days, the old loved times and places and persons! She opened her lips to answer, but at that moment the telephone rang. Sara Mae answered, and after a few brief words, she turned to Hester with:

"We have to go now. They didn't know where you could be, Grandmother. And you were just going to tell me interesting things, weren't you?"

"Yes, dear, but we'll save them for later. You come and sit with me any time you want to, and I'll have lots of things to tell you."

"And I won't be . . . pestering you?" Sara Mae asked, wistfully—revealing much, much more than she knew!

"Not a bit! I'll be . . . needing you!"

Hand in hand they walked slowly along the path towards the big house.

There was, after all, Hester told herself, a reason why John had not called her. There was still something she could do, a child's hand she could hold, a child's heart she could help to gladden. And as long as that could be, there would be something to live for — something truly "blessed."

Pageantry

J. Karl Wood

PAGEANTRY, well done, is one of the most effective means of emotional stimulation. As a teaching device, it is unequaled. However, if abused, it becomes a bore and defeats its own purpose. Despite the fact that its use is increasing, pageantry is very much in disrepute in many places. The reason for its failure is usually not hard to find. Poorly written, hastily prepared or stereotyped pageants will fail. Pageants that are simply a series of static stage pictures accompanied by long-drawn-out readings will drive any audience away. More care should be given to the pageant script. The same laws that govern drama also apply here. We would not think of having an untrained or inexperienced person write a play for presentation by our organization, but we seem to think that anyone can write a pageant. We fail to appreciate the careful preparation needed in the use of the pageant as a soul-stimulant.

The use of art in religion is very important—not for art's sake, but for its use in lifting the soul into spiritual realms. Compare the use of art in religion to a wheel whose spokes lead to the hub in the center. Music, drama, poetry, color, costume, stage-picture, etc., are the spokes, while the human soul passing through a religious experience is the hub. The pageant is especially suited to this soul-lifting, because it employs so many of the arts. In a well-written pageant, there should be a proper balance and blending of all the arts. One art overdone will unbalance the wheel. Since pageants suitable for use in the Relief Society must be specially written, a few suggestions may help.

Writing the Pageant

1. Carefully select the theme. Among the Relief Society organizations this will likely be the history of the national or local organization, or the development of some idea in connection with it. *Caution*: Carefully restrict the theme so as not to cover too wide a field. Many pageants fail because they cover everything from "Dan to Beersheba." In any event, time the production so that the total time of the meeting in which the pageant is presented will not exceed one hour and ten minutes. This will take into account the time it takes for other phases of the meeting—opening and closing prayer, etc. *Don't tire your audience.*

2. Block out your pageant into episodes—from three to not more than seven. If the field is wide and there is much to cover, pick out important episodes and treat them in detail, connecting them with short, crisp transition readings.

3. The methods of developing the episodes may be dramatic dialogue, readings (poetry or prose) accompanied by moving stage pictures, dancing, music, etc. Each episode should contribute directly to the theme. To include a dance or any other art just because it is beautiful has no justification. Each art used should contribute to the theme just as much as does a reading or dia-

ogue. Any one art should not be over-worked. It is best to have variety. Each song should not require more than three minutes and a dance should use about the same length of time; dramatic dialogue needs about ten minutes for each episode, while each reading should not require more than two minutes. By alternating these various methods, the audience will not be worn out.

4. The pageant should not be simply a series of static pictures or tableaux. All episodes should be arranged to move forward to a climax, each heightening the interest as it approaches the grand finale. If a stage picture is to be used, it should evolve or build into the story. Don't allow it to remain static too long. Every movement, every shift, should contribute to the enrichment of the theme.

5. As the grand finale or climax is approached, the tempo should increase. Don't drag the pageant out. Tell the story and quit.

6. A number of miscellaneous items may be mentioned in connection with writing the pageant. Write everything out—readings, suggested songs, stage directions, dialogue, required lighting. Have the script complete and enough copies prepared so that all concerned may have one. Leave no questions unanswered. Make every direction clear. Don't write directions that are impossible to carry out, such as calling for a giant spotlight when one cannot be found in your neighborhood. Be careful about requiring impossible stage sets or changes of scenery. If a change is required, provide for time to make the change by including a reading, instrumental music or song.

Accompany all readings with music. Use the organ, violin, string ensemble or other quiet and subdued music. The piano is a little harsh—be careful in its use in accompanying readings or progressive pictorial effects. Phonograph records used over a good Public Address system are helpful when other means fail. Keep symbolism fresh and sufficiently clear so that the audience will "get the idea" of the symbol without explanation. The day when the symbols of "truth," "faith," etc., were distinguished by placards or sashes with the names printed on them, is past. These symbolic characters should be made clear to the audience by actions and words so that no sign need be used to tell whom or what they represent.

Producing the Pageant

The pageant script now having been written, and every detail outlined on paper, the next step is the production. In this, there should be orderly, business-like procedure.

1. A director should be appointed. This person need not be a thoroughly-trained dramatic director, though this would help. It does require, however, a person with a pleasant disposition who can get along with people and who is a good executive. The technical directors—drama, music, stage, costume, etc.—form the staff. All these should work cooperatively. If an interpretive dance is to be used, a dance director with ability to create an interpretive dance that tells a story in harmony with the theme should be engaged.

2. Casting the pageant is the next step. The directors should constitute the casting committee. Try to pick characters who can act. Just

because a person is willing and attends to his religious duties, important as this is, is not full guarantee that he fits the part and can "put it over the footlights." Avoid the very bad practice of casting women in men's parts. True, the Relief Society sisters like to do the whole job themselves, but ofttimes an otherwise good production is made into a burlesque when some good sister, sloppily dressed in the much-too-ample suit of her husband, tries to act the part of a man. What should have been a soul-inspiring, religious experience becomes a hilarious farce. The following is a good rule in choosing characters: first, worthiness; second, ability; third, willingness. If the pageant is kept on a high religious and cultural plane, plenty of qualified people are usually willing to take part.

3. Rehearsals come next. Take plenty of time. Don't go before the public poorly prepared. The amount of time spent on rehearsals will depend on the production, of course. If the director has properly organized the work, the dramatic dialogues, chorus, readings, dances may all begin simultaneously under a separate director. This will conserve the time of the participants. It is a poor policy for a whole cast to go to rehearsal night after night and wait while each separate part is being practiced. If the separate rehearsals are carried on consistently, there need be only three or four ensemble rehearsals just before the presentation. It is the duty of the director to see that each part progresses at a rate that will assure a finished production when all are finally assembled.

4. Lighting is very important in pageantry. The lighting should contribute to the theme just as do the other arts. Spotlights should pick out important figures in a group, light areas where action takes place, or color a scene in harmony with the mood of the episode.

Small spotlights of 150 or 300 watt capacity may be had at very nominal cost and are handled by local dealers. Color may be obtained by covering the light with cellophane. "Spots" and "floods" are for enhancing or building up important features of the act and in no way eliminate the general illumination in our meeting houses or stages.

If all the light can be controlled by "dimmers," the effectiveness is increased many fold. With this method of control, light can gradually illuminate or fade out any picture, reader or symbolic figure very beautifully. This is much more effective than merely snapping the switch on or off.

5. The Relief Society sisters shouldn't have to be told anything about costuming. There are one or two things, however, that they should be reminded of: first, let's get away from the use of lining or cheesecloth for costumes — much better and more desirable materials are available nowadays; second, be careful to choose the costume that fits the character. For instance, don't dig out a fancy, old-fashioned wedding dress for a character who is crossing the plains. This type of costume may be all right for some scenes, but not for those depicting the struggling pioneer. The costumes should be characteristic of the scene, colorful and harmonious.

6. Have the stage so arranged that the pageant can proceed without interruption through the entire performance. A stage wait while a new scene is being arranged is very irritating. If the stage must be changed, have a reading or song while this is being done. A draw-curtain half way back on the stage helps greatly. With the use of this curtain, one scene may be set while another is going on. A stage built with various levels is helpful in balancing pictorial effects.

7. Finally, avoid static. By this is meant announcements, explanations, peeking through the curtain, rushing around the last moment with properties, a character dressed for a part coming up through the audience, swishing the curtain, and a thousand other little irritants.

Have *everything* ready in advance. Don't allow anything to go undone. *Start on time. Don't run over time.* It isn't necessary to have visitors speak after the pageant is over. Send your audience away uplifted, inspired, and satisfied with a beautiful religious experience, and with the message of the pageant ringing in their souls. Some of these things may seem trivial, but success or failure may depend upon them.

Note: Those who are further interested in the technique of pageantry production will find detailed information in the book *Religious Drama and Pageantry Techniques in the Seminary*, by J. Karl Wood. The book may be secured by writing to the L. D. S. Department of Education, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, or to J. Karl Wood, Hyrum, Utah. The price of the book is fifty cents.

DEFINITION OF A WORD

Lael Woolsey

A word is a sound
  By which silence is broken,
A symbol said, causing
  A thought to be spoken;

A message of danger
  Or faith ever healing,
A vow and a promise
  Eternally sealing.

A strange thing, a word . . .
  Like a small, bright jewel hung
In the dark robe of stillness,
  A song not quite sung.

Some Literary Friends

Florence Ivins Hyde

No. VI

"Popularity"

A BOOK which I believe will interest every growing boy and girl has been written by Regina Westcott Wieman under the intriguing title, *Popularity*. Whether we are young or old, this word attracts us, for we all seem to have an innate desire to be popular. Particularly is this true of young people during high school and college days. Most of them would rather be called "popular" than anything else that might be said of them. So important has it come to be that the business of charm has become a profession. Advertisers appeal to this desire to be popular by putting out wares that are supposed to give us charm, personality, glamour—words that immediately attract our attention.

Unquestionably, the development of personality has much to do with success or failure in life. Whether we have approached the study in the best way is a question. There is a growing tendency for people to want to appear like someone else rather than to capitalize on their own best qualities. There is wisdom in an expression of Emerson Fosdick which reads, "The most interesting game in the world—making the most of one's best."

The thing which, in my opinion, makes Mrs. Wieman's book worthwhile is the fact that it is far more basic than most books in its method of attacking this important subject. The author says, "The problem of popularity is that of relating ourselves satisfactorily to the groups we feel are socially worthwhile," and she attempts to show how we may adjust ourselves to group life in the "presence of powerful and often objectionable social patterns." She discusses the things we do to make ourselves unpopular, the defense mechanisms we use, the types and qualities of popularity, the things we must do to become popular, and finally the way out when the groups we live among do not measure up to our ideals.

All of us, perhaps unconsciously, do things that make us unpopular. Some of the unpopular types Mrs. Wieman describes are: the highbrow girl who patronizes her friends; the honest girl who prides herself on being perfectly frank; the "cat" who scratches every superior person; the "snake-in-the-grass," and many others. Most of these, she says, want popularity so urgently that they have gone to queer extremes to win it.

There are many reasons why people are at odds with each other. Great effort should be put forth to overcome faults which interfere with friendships, for we lack the richest experiences of life if we have no friends. If we could develop the faculty of truly knowing ourselves and of comparing ourselves with others, we would stand a much better chance of being interesting to others. We sometimes forget that we often rate ourselves much higher than others rate us.

It is often tragic when people feel that they do not "measure up." Some become bitter and do wrong; others retreat within themselves and live alone. Both of these are undesirable escapes. "The thing we must work for is not an escape from life, but an understanding of it." The desire to be popular is a perfectly legitimate desire, because without it our personalities cannot grow as they should.

"There are all types and qualities of popularity. Your age, your special interests, your cultural background, and the sort of people you live among, all affect your idea of what being popular means. One girl feels popular because she has lots of dates, while another feels it is her liberal petting licenses and not the girl herself which are popular. One person thinks popularity hinges upon the number of activities he participates in. Some older people want to hold as many offices as possible. All people work to gain approval and invitations from certain groups. They develop the 'line' they feel will help them reach this place. Some smoke to get approval, some give sporty dinners and teas. . . . Girls are regimented until they all look alike. They dare not be different. They must be popular by type rather than person."

We find our own ways of finding our group. If we fail to fit into one group, we set out to find another. This is as it should be, provided we do not drift into a lower group—this sometimes happens with tragic results. For the person who is left out of the "most-talked-of" groups, there are always groups that are engaged in working out worthwhile projects, either social or personal, which may be sublimating.

MRS. WIEMAN discusses what makes a person popular. "It is easy enough to be popular," she says, "if that is the only objective." But when the standards of the social group do not meet with our approval, a problem is presented. Too often the group which calls itself the "elite," and which has a large following, establishes patterns undesirable to us. We feel we must conform to the standards of the group in order to "rate" with it; we believe we have to be like the group or we will not long belong to it.

The author makes the surprising assertion that group patterns are practically always the standards of the less cultured of the group. Sometimes they make an effort to maintain low standards; for example, at one university for men, a certain group had the slogan, "Three is the gentlemen's grade." The purpose was to make third-graders rate with first-graders. Members of some groups believe in such standards as smoking and drinking for both men and women. We have to admit that such standards lower the cultural level of the group. It is important that we choose our groups wisely.

Group pressure has a tremendous influence over young people. They accept patterns without discrimination as to whether in the long run they are desirable. It is important that young people (and adults also) come to realize that the "requirements which place a heavy mortgage on the future are the ones to avoid; for example, making fun of the habits of self-control, indulgence in

sexual intimacies as an expected feature of dating." Often young people feel that unless they conform, they must pay a painful penalty, not realizing that if they *do* conform, they must pay a much heavier penalty.

No one rates one hundred per cent in every group. There are groups to which we would never want to belong, and there are other groups which would never want us to belong. "The unthinking group will not tolerate the exceptionally superior. This attitude occurs in adult as well as in student groups. It is human nature." This attitude sometimes makes it difficult for superior, well-bred children who would like to belong to certain groups and still live up to the standards of their heritage.

Mrs. Wieman claims that it is not imperative that we conform and belong to the crowd or refuse to conform and be left out. There is a way out. She says, "We must organize a new group pressure which will challenge the despotism of the present one." Without criticizing others, we can build up a powerful minority to establish better patterns.

It takes a long time to change group patterns, but it can be done. We must first get people thinking by organizing groups, by making speeches; if we are students, by having discussions, writing editorials for school papers, and by putting our ideas into practice. "Those who have held a monopoly on popularity will disapprove—but as the thing works out, they will often join in the project. It is a long way out, but it will bring lasting satisfaction. A few persons alone cannot accomplish much. It takes group organization to change social patterns.

IN concluding her discussion, the author says, "Looks, luck, and lucre are desirable in life. But none of them, nor all of them together, can bring the kind of popularity which is of most value. This popularity is dependent upon understanding and creativeness in working with others. It is earned, and always brings satisfactions. Popularity that just happens is not dependable. Anyone who wishes and works hard enough can earn strong and genuine popularity. It comes only through enthusiastic, intelligent, sincere, creative investment of the real self and the whole self in our social relationships, in cooperative effort with others to promote the right kind of social conditions.

"This leaves the question of whether we want to be popular, to our own choosing. There are several choices to be made:

" 'Do I want to be popular?'

" 'Am I willing to pay for it?'

" 'What do I expect to get out of popularity—the assurance that I shall be in frequent demand, or the reinforcing security that comes from true friendships that have grown steadily through sharing genuine interests?' One is secured through stock market tactics and the other through growth in personality itself.

" 'Would I rather mortgage my future than be left out now?'

" 'With whom do I want to be popular?'

"Our speedy ways of living and our constant shifting of population encourage the wide, shallow types

(Continued on page 74)

"Genuine American Oriental—Greatly Reduced"

Norma Wrathall

LYING on her bed in the cool semi-darkness of drawn window shades, a handkerchief over her eyes, Helen Curtis was able to think back over the events of that day; but not without, even now, faintly shuddering. It had been the most harrowing day of her marriage of eighteen months, although it had started innocently enough. Drawing her shawl up until only a tangle of blonde hair could be seen on the pillow, she tried to sink more deeply into oblivion, even to shutting out the sound of Harry's mumbling as he attempted to rebuild the fire in the kitchen range.

Helen had wakened that morning with the throbbing headache that had come to be the usual thing lately. She lay there for a few moments wondering why Harry was so determined to get up at daylight, and trying to shake off the feeling of oppression that seemed to fasten her to the bed. Her husband had left the kitchen door slightly open, and she could hear him grumbling as he poked in the stove. Presently she realized what was the matter; she had put the peelings from half a dozen oranges into the cold stove the night before. After a few minutes, she heard him bang the stove lids triumphantly and depart for his chores, so she dressed and began to prepare breakfast.

A number of irritating little things had contrived to give the day a bad start. First, there was the trouble with the stove. And she had forgotten to buy a new can of Harry's favorite breakfast drink (which she privately thought had the flavor of burnt toast soaked in hot water), so she made hot chocolate instead. He sat tasting it grimly. Then, when he cracked the egg, it came from its shell in a solid lump instead of the soft jelly which he preferred.

"H'mm," muttered Harry, "can't you remember to take an egg out on time, Helen, when all you have to do is lift it from the water? There's something about a hard-boiled egg. . . ."

"Boil you another?" queried Helen.

"No time, no time. Late now," he answered hastily. His jaws worked vigorously as he ate. 'Got to help Tom Billings today. He's coming to help me a day next week. And you know what Billings is—up before daylight and out to see if the neighbors are about." He sliced off a piece of bread and buttered it thickly, running his tongue around under his lips as he did so.

"Yes, I know," laughed Helen, glancing at the clock. "It's 6:30 now, and by the time you get over there, he'll say it's the middle of the forenoon."

"Sure. And now listen, Helen, I'll be back early enough for all the chores, but you might just slip out and turn some water into that trough in the sheep corral. Go out a little before noon. I've got a few rams in there. A fellow wants to buy one or two, and I don't want to keep all of them to feed anyway." He gulped

down the rest of his cocoa, making a face. "But don't go near that pen where I put Nimrod — he might jump out." Harry's weather-tanned face stared earnestly into hers. A light crease had formed between his eyebrows, for he was one who took his work seriously. Helen nodded agreement as he went out.

Wearily, she finished her orange juice, feeling a little peevish that Harry had not noticed that she was not eating breakfast. Then she began to clear away the dishes. A pot of Persian violets stood on the round flower-shelf above the sink window, where the rising steam would keep the flowers and foliage fresh, and their faint fragrance wafted down to her as she worked.

Her kitchen work finished, Helen progressed to the living room. Somehow, after they had furnished the rest of the house, they hadn't much money left for the living-room. So Harry had brought his desk and a few odd chairs from his mother's home; Helen had found the leather-covered rocker which her mother had put in the attic when her father bought the new living-room suite. And, because they couldn't afford a good rug, they had painted the floor. Harry had said he would buy a rug in the spring. But spring had come, and fall, and now it was spring again, and still there wasn't a rug. Helen sat down drearily in the leather rocker and viewed the room.

The months had taken their toll of brightness from the paint, and one of the small rugs was beginning to fray at the edges. Dusty footprints showed up plainly on the worn floor. Helen was warm from hurrying with her work. As she thrust her damp fair hair back from her forehead, suddenly she felt too tired to clean the floor. She leaned back in the old chair and closed her eyes, thinking of Mrs. Mainwaring's rug.

That rug would be perfect on this floor. Mrs. Mainwaring was moving to Chicago and had to sell a number of her things. Among them was the rug, a genuine American Oriental. Helen could hear the soft, aristocratic voice assuring her that, although she had paid more than twice that amount for it, she would sell it for fifty dollars. "A buy, my dear. Simply a buy." Helen reflected drearily that it might as well be twice the amount as far as she was concerned. Her mood deepened as she considered that soon there would be more expenses. She visioned the living-room floor growing more and more shabby as spring and fall and spring again followed each other in swift succession. Her lips drooped at the thought of it.

It was some time later that she left the house to do the chores Harry had directed.

HELEN had lived all her life in the country but was really not accustomed to farm problems, for her father had always worked at the mill ten miles out of town. His only concession to country life had been a garden which he tended after working hours. Try as she would, Helen could feel no real interest in the farm, and she was secretly afraid of the animals on the place. When she walked about with Harry, listening to his enthusiastic explanations, the livestock seemed docile enough. But when she went alone to do some small chore, the animals

viewed her with surprise and with faintly disturbing suspicion. And if the cows ever found a weak spot in the fence it was when Harry was away, never when he was at home. Too, there was the time when Old Matt, the plow mare, had tangled her front feet in the wire fence, so that Helen, afraid to go near the agonized creature, had run to a neighbor for help. Only, in her excitement, she had forgotten to close the gates, and some stray animals got in, trampling the hay in her absence. It was with some trepidation, on this warm spring forenoon, that she approached the barnyard.

Everything looked p e a c e f u l enough. The rams were resting at the far end of a small pasture opening from the corral. Helen finished her work of turning cool water into the trough. Then, as she turned to leave, she heard a plaintive "baa." Glancing toward the pen where Harry kept his prize ram, she saw that Nimrod had overturned his trough. "Poor thing. "You're thirsty," she murmured. Cautiously, she went nearer to the pen. Nimrod viewed her placidly, breathing with regular, little gasps as he chewed his cud, his eyes peering out from under the thick wool. Helen looked about, found a bucket hanging on a peg and filled it with water. But she would never dare go into the pen; so, armed with a long stick, she mounted the gate, leaned over, and tried to right the trough. There! at last she had accomplished it. She straightened up. Click! In some way, she had loosened the catch.

Impelled by her weight, the gate suddenly swung open. And Nimrod, with a sprightliness unlooked for in his erstwhile docility, leaped through the opening with a wild "baa!" and cavorted to the other end of the pasture to join his comrades.

Taken aback, Helen stared for a moment at the departing Nimrod, then decided not to risk trying to get him back into the pen. A few hours of freedom would not hurt him. She started toward the house.

A ROW of old apple trees divided the lower part of the lot from the dooryard, partially cutting off the view of the corral. As Helen paused a moment to break off a blossoming branch, she saw a man standing near the back porch. Helen recognized him as a livestock buyer, but not one with whom Harry did business.

"Good day, lady. Is the mister at home?"

Helen replied that he was not.

"Heindmann is my name. Any livestock to sell? Any sheep, rams, lambs, or pigs? No beef today." The last part of his remark was a statement.

"Well, I don't think so. He said something about selling some sheep, but I really don't know—you'd better wait until some other time."

"Mm—sheep, is it? I got a order for one ram. Give you a good price, lady." His eyes traveled carefully over Helen's face.

Suddenly, a wild idea leaped into her head. Well, why not? Surely she could make a decision once in a while without consulting Harry.

"How—how much do you pay for rams?"

"Oh, I have to see him first." A shrug rippled the engulfing folds of his brown suit. "I treat you fair."

"Well, there's a bunch of rams down in that pasture by the corral.

You go down and look at them. I'll wait here—it's so hot."

She sat wearily on the step as he hurried toward the barnyard. Presently he returned, a satisfied expression on his sharp little face. "I pick out fine ram. Pay you fifty dollars. Spot cash."

Helen remembered dimly having heard Harry and Tom Billings talk about how you had to haggle to get a fair price from these buyers. But she didn't believe in haggling. Besides, it was such a coincidence. Fifty dollars — just the amount she needed for the rug.

"Well . . . " she hesitated. I guess it will be all right. Do you want me to help you catch him?"

His teeth flashed. "Oh, no. I run him in easy. I just back my truck up by the gate, and put down a chute." He counted the bills into her hand, licking his thumb as he peeled them off, his fingers lingering over each one as if he hated to part with it. "I drive around front, so you see when I get him loaded."

Helen went into the house, the money a soft wad in her hand. Her throat was hot and dry, and her head spinning with excitement. She felt a little guilty; but now that she had gone this far, she didn't intend to turn back. And when Harry saw the rug, and how nice it was, he wouldn't care. Or, at least, she hoped he wouldn't. She would have to hurry to get the rug down before Harry got home. Luckily, he was to have his noon meal at the Billings'. That would leave the rest of her day free.

For once, the old car started without any trouble. Just as she was ready to drive out, she thought of Heindmann. Then she saw him on the street in front of the house. He honked and waved, then spurted off down the road in a cloud of dust. As speedily as she dared, Helen drove the two miles to Mrs. Mainwaring's home.

She did not know until later that while she feverishly pursued the purchase of her rug and drove home with it, Heindmann drove as fast in the opposite direction. He had a few more errands before he could leave town, and he was in a hurry to leave.

Eventually, his business led him to the farm next to Tom Billings' field, where two men were repairing a bridge near the gate. To Heindmann, the plaintive "baa" from the ram in the truck sounded no different from that of any other sheep. But the two men who heard it, looked at each other, then toward the truck. Then simultaneously they scrambled over the fence.

MRS. Mainwaring's son, Jack, had come to help Helen with the rug. Together they tugged and pulled it into the room. "I'll move all this furniture aside, or into the kitchen, Jack, while you spread the papers over the floor. Put the blinds clear up so you can see well."

The newspapers slipped and slid about on the floor, and Jack had to stop frequently to read something from one of them. But at last they had the rug in place, and stood back to view the result.

Helen pursed her lips; her left hand lay speculatively along her cheek. "It's lovely, isn't it? Just pull it a little more to this corner. There!" She sighed with satisfaction, pressing her foot over the thick nap.

"Well, uh—I guess I'd better be getting on home," said Jack, dusting off his "cords," after he had helped Helen move the furniture back into the room. "Might be able to pick up a ride." He ambled out.

Helen felt exhausted. With a sigh, she thrust her hands through her hair and clasped them back of her head, slumping down into the leather chair. She closed her dark-circled eyes. Now that it was over, reaction began to set in. Fear beset her. Here she had sold something of Harry's and had spent the money without consulting him. True, he had said that he intended selling some of the rams, and fifty dollars seemed to her a fair price for one of them. But what would Harry think? Well, she would have to stop worrying and start to cook dinner—the meal she had been unable to make Harry stop referring to as "supper." She pulled herself from the chair and adjusted the window shades so that just the right amount of late afternoon sun fell across the rug, revealing its jewel-like colors. Then she hurried to the kitchen to prepare the vegetables.

A few minutes later, attired in a fresh pink house dress, her hands and face washed and her bright blonde hair again combed into soft waves, she began to peel potatoes. Her fingers slipped in nervous haste, and the old sick headache was beginning again. She remembered that she had not eaten any lunch. But there was one orange left lying by the sack in which she had carefully placed the morning peelings. Hastily, she gulped down the orange, adding its peeling to those in the sack. Then she heard a familiar step on the graveled walk. In sudden confusion, she stuffed the sack into the stove, dried her hands, and ran into the living-room. She felt that it would be easier to tell Harry about the rug if he could be looking at it in all its glory. A warm flush rose to her cheeks, but her hands were clammy, as she turned to face him. Then her left hand flew to her cheek.

Harry strode to the middle of the room and stood with his legs slightly apart, glaring for a moment, first at her and then at the rug.

"Helen!" he barked at last. "Did you—did you sell Nimrod to that—that scumdullion—just to buy this rug?" A muscle in his cheek jerked spasmodically.

She swallowed. "No, Harry. Not—not Nimrod. One of the others. Nimrod got out of his pen."

"Got out? Yeah. You let that—that scamp take him out." He groaned. "Prize-winning stock! Pedigreed! Listen, I've weighed his food—weighed it, mind you. So many pounds of this or that. Fed him on schedule. Why he'll be worth hundreds! Thousands, even!" Harry ran one hand back and forth over his sparse, sandy hair, so that it stood up in a frenzied fringe. "How could you do such a dumb thing? Don't you take an interest in anything I do?"

Helen sank weakly into a chair. A sudden cold feeling hit the pit of her stomach. "Harry—I didn't. I sold another ram. Harry, you said you were intending to sell one this morning." She licked dry lips. "Harry, is—is Nimrod gone?" Automatically her foot moved back and

forth across the thick pile of the rug, which she suddenly hated.

"Stop saying 'Harry' so much! No, he isn't gone, but he would be if Billings and I hadn't see him in that truck. Lucky that old rapscallion parked right by Billings' field."

Helen opened her mouth to say something, but he interrupted. "We made short work of that shyster, though." His voice lowered in a note of pride. "None of his lies for us. Why, I'd have—I'd have wrung his neck if he'd said another word."

The whole horrible truth had dawned upon Helen. She leaned forward, her voice coming weakly from trembling lips. "Did you . . . . Harry, you mean you—got Nimrod back?"

"Yes, I did! And twenty-five dollars more, too. Oh, I gave him another ram. Shouldn't've, though. Should've thrashed him out of town."

Helen noticed dully that straw and dirt from the barnyard were falling unheeded on the rug as he ranged about the room. Then he began shouting again.

"But what if I'd lost him? Whatever struck you to do such a thing as to let that Heindmann go down there, and . . . . Oh, I can't understand you!"

Helen sat looking up at him as he waved his arms and shouted, his hair standing up all over his head, and suddenly her nerves snapped.

"No, I guess you can't understand me, Harry Curtis. Why, you think more of that—that sheep than you do of me!" She saw him wince at the word "sheep." Tears came into her eyes and rolled unheeded down her pale cheeks. "Why, you pamper that thing worse than a baby. You think more of it than—" she gulped—"than you will of your own baby when it comes." She buried her head in her arms and sobbed convulsively.

Harry's jaw relaxed. He swallowed twice before words came. "Say, Helen, you don't mean . . . . Aw, honey." He knelt beside her and began patting her hair awkwardly, as she continued,

"Just because I want to have things look nice. I work so hard to fix things up, and then you come and yell at me like a lunatic!" Her sobs broke out anew.

"Honest, I'm sorry I said all that. Why, it wasn't your fault. That—that rapscallion, to take advantage of a woman! And the rug's real nice. I intended to get one anyway."

"Oh, Harry, I just felt so miserable trying to clean that old bare floor. And Mrs. Mainwaring had told me about her rug, and then he came, and I . . . . " Helen spoke through her handkerchief as she dried her eyes and nose.

"Never mind, honey." He stemmed the flow of words with a kiss. Then he pressed a small wad into her hand. She knew that the bills had come from the same purse which had parted with fifty dollars earlier in the day. They had the same limp feeling of having been squeezed too much. "You take this twenty-five as a starter to get what you need for the baby. Gosh! It's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me sooner? Been working too hard." His voice deepened with tenderness.

She rose. "I'll have to see about supper," she began.

(Continued on page 74)

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

JANUARY—Each day brings its tasks, delights and sorrows. Grieve not for the yesterdays nor dread the dim tomorrows.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, in her address at the Woman's Centennial Congress held in New York last month, urged the women of the Congress to go forward more rapidly, to gain office and recognition, to utilize the rights women won two decades ago, to help free mankind from totalitarianism. Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, president of the Relief Society, and Mrs. Lucy Grant Cannon, president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, were among the delegates from Utah to this Congress of distinguished women.

MATILDA R. WILSON has received the apointment of Lieutenant Governor of the State of Michigan—the first woman to receive this high honor.

MISS DOROTHY TAGNEY, a school teacher, is the first woman senator in the Australian parliament.

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT, for her contributions to the theatre, the opera and the fields of social service and philanthropy, has been awarded the medal for eminent achievement given by the American Woman's Association.

NANCY ASTOR, American-born viscountess, declared in Parliament recently that English women were showing more courage than men during the distressing conditions of the incessant bombing of London and other cities.

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOL, another woman member of Parliament, is known as an ardent Red Cross worker and strong supporter of the policies of Prime Minister Churchill.

GERMAN women are replacing men in the postal service and are now uniformed and driving trucks, as the men are all engaged in the war against Britain.

MISS LYDE WELLS, 81, sister of President Rulon S. Wells of the Council of Seventy, died last month. She was a woman of brillant mind with a keen sense of humor, both of which stood her in good stead through long years of enforced invalidism.

SIGRID UNSET, Norwegian novelist, is now a refugee in the United States. She lost a son during the Nazi seizure of Norway.

LILY PONS, Metropolitan opera star, expresses great happiness because of the fact that she is now an American citizen. A number of foreign artists have also learned that here only is real democracy.

HELEN HAYES has gained another triumph in histrionic art, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." She plays Viola in a humorous and captivating manner. The historic London theatre, where "Twelfth Night" was first played 350 years ago, was destroyed by German bombs last month.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
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Motto—Charity Never Faileth
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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Vol. XXVIII JANUARY, 1941 No. 1

EDITORIAL

The Power of Adversity

THE year 1940 has passed into history, and the bells have rung in a new year. With the advent of a new year, a feeling of "beginning anew" pervades. Ambitions are stirred, hopes are raised, and a determination to make the new year profitable exists in the heart of nearly everyone. Each of us would ask many choice gifts of the future, earnestly desiring that the path be made pleasant and that he be spared trial, hardship, disappointment and other difficult experiences.

How fortunate it is that the desires of our hearts are not always granted! The easy road is not always the profitable one; the pleasant experience is not always the one that contributes most to one's well-being. The Lord has said, "My people must be tried in all things that they may be prepared to receive the glory that I have for them, even the glory of Zion; and he that will not bear chastisement is not worthy of my kingdom." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 136:31)

It is a proved truth that "the pursuit of easy things makes men weak" while a mastery of the difficult makes men strong. "The reward of struggle is strength: muscle, nerve, grit, skill, integrity, intelligence; and all this is character—manhood." The development of strong character—manhood—is the goal of life. He who achieves this goal, difficult though his experiences may have been, is indeed blessed.

The same experiences are not equally difficult for all people, nor do they try everyone to the same degree. What would be hard and bitter for one might not be so for another. But to each, there seems to come some experiences which are particularly difficult for him and which peculiarly try him. As he masters these difficulties, he grows to his fullest stature.

Opportunities for character development come to everyone through the same channel—experience. Even the chosen of the Lord have not been spared trial. When the Prophet Joseph Smith was incarcerated in Liberty Jail, he was called upon to endure hardships which were extremely revolting to his refined and

sensitive nature. Not only were high-handed injustice and cruelty practiced upon him, but the food was filthy, he was compelled to hear nothing but blasphemous oaths and to witness scenes of drunkenness and debauchery of every description. Out of the midst of his tribulations, he called upon God in passionate earnestness: "O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? . . . How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye . . . behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? . . . O Lord . . . stretch forth thy hand; . . . let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us."

And God answered the cries of the Prophet, and said: "My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high . . . If thou art called to pass through tribulation, if thou art in perils among false brethren, if thou art in perils among robbers, if thou art in perils by land or by sea, if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations, if thine enemies fall upon thee, if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters, and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife and thine offspring . . . if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon thee, if thou be cast into the deep, if the billowing surge conspire against thee, if fierce winds become thine enemy, if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, *Know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good.*"

Those who have achieved true greatness in this world have not done so because the way was made easy, but rather because they could rise above the dull level of yielding and master the stern things of life. Paul Speicher has said:

"Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott.

"Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyon.

"Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington.

"Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln.

"Deny her sight and speech and you have a Helen Keller.

"Bind him down with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli.

"Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler." And we might add:

"Have him reared by a widowed mother under the hardships of pioneer life and you have a Heber J. Grant."

The hardships of life are sent us not by an unkind destiny to crush us, but rather by a kind destiny to challenge the best that is in us. Being children of the Father, we have within us resources of strength and power great enough to enable us to rise above adversity. Our prayer for the new year should not be that the road be made easy, but rather that we be made strong.

Notes TO THE FIELD

PAMPHLETS TO BE DISTRIBUTED

AN interesting and informative article entitled "The Injurious Effects Resulting from the Moderate Use of Alcohol" is now being published by the General Campaign Committee on the Non-Use of Liquor and Tobacco. The article is by L. Mervin Maus, Colonel, U. S. Army Medical Corps, Department Surgeon, who graphically and convincingly presents the evils resulting from the moderate use of alcoholic beverages. Condemning the constantly increasing popularity of social drinking, Doctor Maus reports its effect upon thousands of the most progressive intellects of the country. He refers to these people as "the brilliant handicapped."

Of particular interest to mothers are the startling statistics with regard to children born of parents who are alcohol addicts. These statistics are alarming in view of the present-day increase in the use of alcohol among women.

The pamphlet containing Doctor Maus' article will soon be off the press and will be distributed by the Relief Society. We urge that those who are assigned the responsibility of distributing this pamphlet be not only diligent in placing it in the homes, but also in impressing those to whom it is presented with the importance of carefully reading the article.

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE HONOR ROLL

CORRECTIONS

THE following reports were inadvertently omitted from the *Relief Society Magazine* honor roll, published in the December issue of the Magazine:

Stake	Ward	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Nevada	McGill	75	110	147	Louise Johnson
Twin Falls	Filer Branch	19	20	105	Mrs. Luna Cazier
Union	LaGrande First	52	71	137	Emma Stringham
Wells	Whittier	138	108	78	Catherine Sturgell

In printing the name of the *Magazine* representative of the North Shore Ward, Chicago Stake, an error was made. The representative of this ward is Oveile Olesen.

An error was made in publishing the name of Thelma Anderson as *Magazine* representative of the Avenal Branch, California Mission. Ruth Beckstrom is *Magazine* representative of this branch.

The General Board greatly appreciates the services and splendid accomplishments of *Magazine* representatives and is very proud of the achievements of the stakes and wards, missions and branches. We sincerely regret omissions and errors occurring in the honor roll.

"THE JESSE KNIGHT FAMILY"

A BOOK entitled "The Jesse Knight Family," by J. William Knight, is a new publication of local interest. The book is a short biography of the late Jesse Knight, with sidelights on his forebears and family; his daughter, Inez, was for many years a member of the Relief Society General Board.

That such a book should have been written is important. Jesse Knight is perhaps one of the most unique figures in the history of the Church and state. As a churchman, his religion expressed itself not only in individual observance of Latter-day Saint standards, but in conducting the many communities which he established in harmony with these standards. He contributed generously of his wealth to the Brigham Young University and to furthering other work of the Church. He also assisted individuals within the Church. As a public-spirited citizen, his clear vision enabled him to see the needs of pioneer communities. His great foresight, coupled with the mental capacity to grasp a situation in its entirety, his inexhaustible energy, and his generous heart enabled him to realize most of his ambitions for the development of the country.

As a boy, Jesse Knight knew nothing but hardships; as a man, he amassed a fortune. He attributed his ability to accumulate wealth to spiritual guidance and regarded himself as merely the custodian of this wealth. He believed it to be his responsibility to dispense the wealth which came to him for the advancement of the Church, for the development of the natural resources of the country, to provide employment for the needy, and to help mankind generally.

His biography acquaints the reader with a genuinely great soul. It leaves one impressed with the fact that the noblest life is the one devoted to working for the good of mankind; that the greatest wealth one can leave his posterity is an honored name.

The author, J. William Knight, is the second son of Jesse and Amanda McEwan Knight. He was closely associated with his father in most of his business enterprises and enjoyed a close companionship with him. He presents Jesse Knight to the reader as a far-sighted humanitarian.

The book is a valuable addition to the historical biographies of the Church and state.

BOUND VOLUMES

THOSE desiring to have their 1940 issues of the *Relief Society Magazine* bound, may do so through the office of the General Board. If *Magazines* are furnished with the order, the cost of cloth binding, including index, is $1.50 and the cost of leather binding, including index, is $2.00. There will be an additional charge of $1.00 if *Magazines* are furnished by this office.

Those desiring to bind *Magazines* themselves may purchase materials through this office. A package containing enough material to bind 12 books sells for $3.15; these packages will not be broken in order to sell smaller amounts. Indexes will be furnished free of charge upon request. Address all orders to Relief Society General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Home Points The Way"

Anna B. Hart

Relief Society General Board Member

(Relief Society Conference Address, October 3, 1940)

WE know what the home is to true Latter-day Saints. It is a divine institution. "In it the father and the mother should stand as God's representatives, to guide and protect and rule the children and the household for God, in his stead."

It is logical that the home should point the way, because its mission from the earliest times has been ordained of God. It is the oldest unit of civilization. In the home, mothers of ancient China taught politeness and obedience to their children. The children of the golden age of Greece practiced courage, temperance, wisdom and justice. "Christian parents have taught faith, hope, and love. Modern life magnifies industry, service and cooperation."

Now, I should like to list and discuss, briefly, a few signs on the guidepost which point the way. The Latter-day Saint home points the way, ultimately, to eternal life. It points the way of courage. From a mother, portrayed in a recent novel, we have these words: "There were three ways one could meet life: One could yield to it, one could run from it, or one could fight it" and win when honor, duty and religion were used for defense.

The Latter-day Saint home points the way of faith; not only the "fair-weather kind of faith, but faith that faces the blackest sky and says, 'I Trust.'" Emily Dickinson said:

"I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

"I never spoke with God
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given."

(*I Never Saw a Moor*, by Emily Dickinson)

In a thousand ways, we, as mothers, can plant seeds of faith in our own children, that faith "which consists of belief, plus determination on the part of the individual to respond to the requirements of God, plus an added strength and power and force for righteousness from God Himself." Man's best inheritance comes from his parents. The faith of parents in Him is one of the sublime and precious things in life and a powerful influence in the world.

The Latter-day Saint home points the way to soul illumination. Many homes are shattered because the members in them have self-blinded eyes. Soul illumination often comes through our appreciation of our Scriptures and other good literature.

"Teaching a child to love books is bestowing a great gift upon him. Happiness is then always within reach of his hand. If he is lonely, he has but to turn over his hand and the richest treasures of a friend's best mood are his. If he would forget, if he would remember, if he would learn, if he would laugh or weep or exult, he has but to turn to his book shelf." (Angelo Patri)

The members of every family have

periods of perplexity. Yet, there comes a time of illumination—a time when we feel that we are in harmony with a universal purpose. Wordsworth tells of a great illumination of the soul, when after climbing a mountain for hours, he suddenly reaches the top:

"Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten
And with a step or two seemed brighter still;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist."
(From *The Prelude*, Book 14, Wordsworth)

The poet is ever in search of an experience that will "lift the veil from the hidden beauty of the world," and so are we.

Home points the way to peace—the kind of peace that "involves the overcoming of selfishness, unfairness and mistrust among mankind." Bryant saw in the unerring flight of the water fowl an assurance that in some way the human spirit, through all life's bewilderments, would find its haven of peace and understanding:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

Life need never be drab; no cloud so dark but has a bright lining; no night so dark but ends in day; no period of the world so troubled but eventually ends in peace.

Home points the way to giving. The president of our great nation said, "These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto, but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow men." There is no greater giving than that which converts the home into a divine institution, and which promotes and upholds family life. It was through the virtue of unselfishness that "the Master made conquest of the hearts of men and drew all men unto him. Nothing warms the hearthstone and glorifies the home more than unselfishness."

Home points the way to eternal life. It is our Gospel of Jesus Christ that gives meaning and substance to all the other home virtues; in fact, they become a part of our religion. We do believe religiously in the home, and in the eternal ties, and all "the obligations and rewards" of this relationship. Yes, the Latter-day Saint home does point the way of eternal life.

"LOOKING back to Relief Society's head-waters, and following its course of growth and achievement, we are stirred by a keen desire to travel on with the rising stream. As our numbers steadily increase, Relief Society will, like the river fed by new rains, grow from strength to ever greater strength."—*Rae B. Barker, Member of Relief Society General Board.*

First Things First

Luella N. Adams

Relief Society General Board Member

(Relief Society Conference Address, October 3, 1940)

OUR Heavenly Father has created a beautiful world for us in which those things necessary for our well-being have been generously provided. A flood of light has covered the earth in the last 100 years. The enlightened minds of men have ingeniously applied the truths of science and the universe to bring us the abundant life in a material way. Two thousand years ago, Christ came and by word and precept gave man the perfect example of the truly abundant life. In spite of all the light and knowledge that has been showered upon our generation, we find ourselves living in a very disturbing and chaotic time. What can be wrong? Why so much strife and hate? From history we learn that great civilizations in the past have been destroyed when the people became ripe in iniquity. Thinking people today are concerned with the necessity of a spiritual awakening.

The fundamental teachings of Christianity should be instinctively in the blood of Americans. Men and women of deep religious convictions settled this country. Christianity is woven into its very fabric. The Pilgrims and Puritans who came to this choice land were deeply religious people who desired that everyone should have an opportunity to serve God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The early colonists of Virginia were God-fearing people. Washington had a fervent belief in God and a trust in an ever-ruling power. We know that our Constitution was divinely inspired and that our democracy is based on Christian principles which recognize the dignity of the human soul. Lincoln was richly endowed with spirituality.

It was undaunted faith in the Lord and in the Gospel that brought our pioneer parents and grandparents to these valleys of the mountains and enabled them to accomplish so much. Too many of the descendants of these pioneers, however, have forsaken the faith of their forefathers. Though conscientious and honest, believing in the Golden Rule, they feel that the formality and requirements of religion are not necessary. They do not want to be tied and restricted by religious activity. They are of the opinion that to be orthodox is to be old-fashioned.

Reverend Shoemaker, a Protestant minister, said, "People are getting the roots and fruits of Christianity confused. The fruit of Christianity is service, but the root is touch with the living God which brings spiritual power into life. The greatest mistake which has been made in our times is the substitution of human service for spiritual power and the confusion of Christianity with mere human good works. Service, ideals, and character are the fruits of Christianity." People are moved to good works after they have been touched with the spirit of the Master. The first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart and all thy mind," is as binding as ever before. "If ye love me, keep my commandments" is still imperative. Our Heavenly Father expects more than just living clean, upright lives and doing good deeds toward our fellowmen. Living the Golden Rule is commendable, but not sufficient.

WHY are there so many indifferent Latter-day Saint parents, failing by example and precept to train their children in the truths of the Gospel? The individual with strong religious convictions and an understanding of the Gospel is far better fortified to resist the many temptations in the world and to undergo sorrows, trials, and hardships without becoming disillusioned and embittered, than the person without a substantial religious foundation. Someone has said, "Parents are assuming a tremendous responsibility in rearing children without the help of the Church. Religion sustained and comforted our parents in their quiet, simple lives. How much more do we need it in this troubled, complex, and fast-living age."

There probably never was a time when children received the same intelligent, thoughtful care they now receive. Babies are weighed, measured and checked periodically. The young mother is concerned in seeing that her growing child receives a well-balanced diet conducive to growth and vitality. Calories are counted, vitamins necessary for growth are given, and perfect physical specimens are the result. Children are given opportunities for cultural and educational development. Many parents are working and sacrificing to send children to school. High schools, colleges and universities are crowded. But we must remember there is a spiritual as well as a material side to human beings, and the spiritual self can be undernourished. Great credit is due parents for recognizing the importance of body-building foods and Vitamins A,B,C, and D. But are children getting a balanced diet when religious training is neglected, when vitamin R, the vitamin of religion, is ignored? Angelo Patri, the noted child specialist, says, "Children need religion, because all human beings need it. We are spiritual beings first, material creatures afterward, and we can starve neither part of ourselves without dying. We have fed our material body well, and we have discovered that we have starved our spiritual selves to the brink of death." It is regrettable that some parents fail to understand that a son or daughter is prepared to face life competently only when he or she is well grounded in spiritual and cultural values, that the stabilizing influences of early religious training and faith in a Heavenly Father fortify children as nothing else can.

We are told in the *Doctrine and Covenants*: "Inasmuch as parents have children and teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ, and baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be on the heads of the parents." May we understand that the first requirement for abundant living here and exaltation in the life to come, is to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. May we always place "first things first."

Habits of Happiness

Pauline T. Pingree

(Relief Society General Board Member)

(Conference Address, October 3, 1940)

HAPPINESS consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace with itself. Happiness is paradoxical because it may coexist with trial, sorrow and poverty. It is the gladness of the heart, rising superior to all conditions. It is the essence of a life lived in harmony with high ideals.

We are creators of our own happiness. For what we have, we may be largely dependent upon others; but what we are rests largely with us alone.

The first ingredient of happiness is love. If we truly love one another, we will be patient with one another, charitable, kind, generous, courteous, unselfish, and we will try to cultivate good temper. We will be sincere and honest with each other and with ourselves. We will be humble before God and try to do His will.

Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things? He spent most of his time in making people happy, and yet some would have us believe that He was a man of sorrows. I never read about Him or think about Him without picturing Him comforting the sorrowful, healing the sick, making the blind to see, the deaf to hear. It is impossible for me to believe that anyone who could create so much happiness and do so much good could be unhappy.

Christ taught us that the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. If we would follow in His footsteps, we must go about doing good. Service is the measure of greatness, and he is greatest and happiest who does the most good. Happiness is largely an interior matter, and the more you give, the more milk of gladness bubbles up from the depths within you.

There is no way by which a person can be truly happy without being good, clean, square, and true. This does not mean that a person is assured happiness just because he does not use tobacco, drink liquor, gamble, use profane language, or does not do other such things. He may observe all of these laws and still be unhappy because he is uncharitable, jealous, envious and revengeful. He may slander and cheat or be cunning and underhanded. No person can be truly happy who has a small, bigoted, narrow, uncharitable mind or disposition. Generosity, charity, and kindness are absolutely essential to real happiness.

William George Jordan says, "If you would hit the bull's eye of happiness of the target of life, aim above it. Place other things higher than your own happiness, and it will surely come to you." You can buy pleasure, you can acquire contentment, you can become satisfied, but nature never puts real happiness on the bargain counter. It is like wheat or corn—it must be planted and grown, and we reap as we sow.

Real happiness without achievement of some worthy aim is unthinkable. One of the greatest satisfac-

tions in this world is the feeling of growth, of stretching upward and onward. We must feel our expanding-power lifting, tugging away at a lofty purpose or we miss the joy of living.

Material things and conditions bring passing pleasures; such as, money and what it will buy, or what it will give you in the way of power, influence, comforts and luxuries. Sometimes, however, the heart starves amid the greatest luxuries. Happiness has little to do with material things. It is a state of mind. It cannot be found in mere temporary things, because its roots reach deep down into eternal principles.

There are numerous ways in which people expect to find happiness. Some expect to find it in books, others in travel, others in association with friends, others in the study of the arts and sciences, others in coarse dissipation of various kinds. Many expect to find their greatest happiness in marriage. We quickly discover that real happiness cannot come from anything outside of us, but must be developed within us. Married couples soon learn that domestic happiness depends upon what they mutually contribute to the partnership—that no one can take out a great deal without putting a great deal in; selfishness reaps a mean, despicable harvest. It is only the generous giver who gets much. Unhappiness is the hunger to get. Happiness is the hunger to give.

Where can the people of a bemuddled world turn to find a day-by-day plan for developing "Habits of Happiness"? There is only one answer—through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He has pointed the way. May we so live that we may have that inner peace which comes from right thinking and right doing, that we may have everlasting joy and happiness.

SHINING LIGHTS

Courtney E. Cottam

Stars shine
Through the shroud of deepest night,
Crystal clear, penetrating
The darksome mystery of the firmament.

Truths shine
Through the bitter night of doubt,
Star like, bringing Faith
Into the paucity of man's understanding.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Wherever the name does not readily indicate the geographical location of the stake or mission, the location of its headquarters is designated in parentheses.

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for April 1940, page 275.

Relief Society Anniversary Programs

Juarez Stake (Mexico)

NELLE S. HATCH, president of Juarez Stake Relief Society, reports that the 98th anniversary of the Relief Society was observed in every ward in the stake, at the sacrament service on Sunday, March 17. "The program was planned by a member of the stake board, and a board member was present at each ward. The outstanding accomplishments of the Relief Society welfare work throughout the organization were featured, and also the duties, privileges, and rewards of the visiting teacher. The program was creditably presented in every ward and enthusiastically received. We feel proud to have been able to accomplish this under the unfavorable conditions of widely-separated wards and bad roads, but we could not have done it without the splendid and thorough support of the Priesthood. The stake president took his own car and with his counselors, who in this case were the husbands of the delegates, accompanied the board members to the mountain colonies."

Franklin Stake (Preston, Idaho)

THE Weston Ward of Franklin Stake observed the 98th anniversary of Relief Society on Sunday, March 17, 1940, by presenting the pageant, "The Key of Promise," depicting the growth of Relief Society from its beginning in 1842 to the present. The cast appears in the accompanying photograph. This pro-

CAST OF PAGEANT "THE KEY OF PROMISE," WESTON WARD OF FRANKLIN STAKE

CANDLE-LIGHTING SERVICE, SIXTH WARD OF IDAHO FALLS STAKE

duction was enthusiastically received by a large audience. Sara Nelson is president of this ward Relief Society, and the stake president is Alice S. Merrill.

Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho Falls, Idaho)

CORA M. CHRISTENSEN, president of Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, submitted the accompanying picture and account of the Relief Society anniversary observance in the Sixth Ward, of which Clara Jenkins is Relief Society president. "Using the theme, 'The Light of Relief Society,' as suggested in the *Relief Society Magazine* for February, 1940, (page 101), the Sixth Ward of the Idaho Falls Stake presented a candle-lighting program at the Sunday evening service on the 17th of March, 1940. Gold candles were placed on a large blue birthday cake, with the president's taper at the top. There was a candle for each of the seventy-four members of our ward Society. Each candle was lighted from the president's taper which had been lighted by the bishop of the ward, symbolizing that our authority for Relief Society comes through the Priesthood. The president first gave a talk on the light or worth of Relief Society work. A reader reviewed the various activities of Relief Society as each leader lit her taper. Appropriate music was played throughout the service, which ended with all the women singing 'A Hundred Thousand Strong'."

San Bernardino Stake (California)

VERA B. CLARK, president of San Bernardino Ward Relief Society, submitted the following program of the anniversary celebration which was held by the ward on Friday afternoon, March 15, 1940:

Prelude .....Ruth Arbuckle
Song "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning" .....Congregation
(This song was sung at the organization meeting in 1842.)

Prayer .....Ethel Blomquist
Welcome Address, Introduction of Theme
"Widening Horizons" .....Vera Clark
"Everyday Horizons" .....LaPriel Baird
"Future Horizons" .....Iris Brown
"Spiritual Horizons" .....Josie Bay
"Gay Horizons" .....Arla Peterson
"Changing Horizons" .....Evelyn Heath
"Distant Horizons" .....Verna Carter
"Friendly Horizons" .....Flora Harber
Sue Powell
Nettie Miller
Bessie Bryant
Connie Biggers
Prayer .....Merle Tibbitts

The president reports that this program was both unusual and inspirational, and that the theme development of the "horizons" brought out past activities of the Relief Society and future possibilities. The number designated "Gay Horizons" was a very funny doll show, with Relief Society members acting as dolls. "Changing Horizons" was a pageant in poetry and song depicting Relief Society history and honoring the eight general presidents of Relief Society. "Friendly Horizons" was the refreshment hour when a huge birthday cake was cut and served. Josie B. Bay is stake Relief Society president.

Kanab Stake (Kanab, Utah)

THE following report was written by Ella H. Palmer, secretary-treasurer of the Alton Ward Relief Society, of which Afton J. Heaton is president:

"The Alton Ward Relief Society of the Kanab Stake had a very enjoyable anniversary celebration in March, 1940, where every member was given an opportunity to take part and demonstrate her ability in a poetry contest, using the letters e-v-e-r-y m-e-m-b-e-r at the beginning of the lines. Some very interesting contributions were made. The prize-winning verse was composed by Charlotte Hoyt. A booklet containing all the poems was given as a prize. A lovely birthday cake, decorated

ALTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, KANAB STAKE

GARVANZA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, SAN FERNANDO STAKE

in the Relief Society colors, was served, and original membership songs were sung. The accompanying picture was taken that day and shows the lilies which were given as favors to the three oldest members, the three newest members, the oldest officer, the visiting teacher who had served longest, and the present presiding officers." Lillian C. McAllister is the stake president of Relief Society.

San Fernando Stake (California)

RUTH CHRISTENSEN, first counselor of the Garvanza Ward Relief Society, sent the report from which are taken the following excerpts: "One of the most successful anniversary programs ever held in this ward was presented on March 13, 1940, by the Garvanza Relief Society of the San Fernando Stake. Eight women portrayed the characters of the eight presidents of this great organization, giving the highlights in their lives and the part each one played in the progress of Relief Society. The ward Relief Society president, Emma Smith Dewey, is a descendant of the Smith family, and was named for Emma Smith, the first president. It was, therefore, very proper that Sister Dewey be persuaded to represent her namesake on this occasion. Refreshments were served following the program. The accompanying picture is of the group of 100 women who attended the anniversary celebration. Sadie E. Williams is Relief Society president of this stake.

"WE look forward to 1942 with eagerness and enthusiasm. A glorious centennial awaits us. . . . The strength and beauty which is ours because of one hundred years of worthy endeavor will arouse our deepest gratitude and give us courage to meet whatever tomorrow may bring. With faces set resolutely toward the future, a new determination will come to us to do our part in an organization which will wield an ever increasing influence for good.

The occasion should be a rich experience in the life of every member, stimulating her to go forward and create for her successors patterns of enduring worth."—*Mary Grant Judd, Member of Relief Society General Board.*

EXCERPTS FROM "LIFE OF JOSEPH F. SMITH"

Joseph Fielding Smith

(Selected by Marianne C. Sharp)

"Always thy duty well perform, whate'er
may threaten in thy way;
Nor ever fear to meet the storm of human
hate, or passions sway;
But calmly trust in God above, and bend
thy course at His command;
Nor swerve, to gain or lose the love of
friend or foe, but with firm hand,
And nobly, to thy duty stand."
(Page 279)

"Teach your children to pay tithing, so that it may be perpetually observed. If we observe this law, no matter what our enemies may do, the Lord will preserve us. Because we are His sons and daughters, He loves us, and He has forgiven our forgetfulness of this holy law in the past, but He will not forgive you and me any longer. I say it in the name of the Lord. He will not forgive this people any longer." (Page 308)

"Furthermore, I want to say to you, we may not be able to reach it right away, but we expect to see the day when we will not have to ask you for one dollar of donation for any purpose, except that which you volunteer to give of your own accord, because we will have tithes sufficient in the storehouse of the Lord to pay everything that is needful for the advancement of the Kingdom of God." (Page 429)

"Virtue is a priceless gem in the wife, she has a right to demand the same of her husband. There is no true happiness where virtue and purity do not dwell." (Page 258)

"I would rather take my children to the cemetery, and see them buried in innocence, than I would see them corrupted by the ways of the world. . . . Some people feel that it does not make very much difference whether a girl marries a man in the Church, full of the faith of the Gospel, or an unbeliever. Some of our young people have married outside of the Church; but very few of those who have done it have failed to come to grief. I would like to see Latter-day Saint men marry Latter-day Saint women. . . . There is nothing that I can think of, in a religious way, that would grieve me more intensely than to see one of my boys marry an unbelieving girl, or one of my girls marry an unbelieving man." (Page 404)

"We can make no advancement only upon the principles of eternal truth. In proportion as we become established upon the foundation of these principles which have been revealed from the heavens in the latter days, and determine to accomplish the purposes of the Lord, will we progress, and the Lord will all the more exalt and magnify us before the world and make us to assume our real position and standing in the midst of the earth." (Page 317)

"I would rather die any moment than to do aught that would forfeit the confidence and the love of my friends and my brethren." (Page 315)

"It is error and the lack of knowledge of God's laws and God's will that leaves men in the world on a par with the brute creation; for they have no higher instinct, no higher principle, no higher incentive, no higher aspiration than the brute world if they have not some inspiration that comes from a higher source than man himself." (Page 372)

"When we receive the Gospel, we enter into the truth, and we enter into it through the door that was opened by the Son of God. We do not give anything for it except obedience. We have nothing to give except obedience, and for that obedience we get everything, even life everlasting, and exaltation in the presence of God, a perfect knowledge that we will be joined together as kinsfolk in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant. . . . " (Page 398)

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 7

Family Life, An Eternal Unit—Joseph F. Smith

(Tuesday, April 1, 1941)

". . . if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise . . . it . . . shall be of full force when they are out of the world; . . . therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 132:19-20)

SPEAKING at a conference of the stake in Juab in 1869, President Woodruff said of Joseph F. Smith, "Look at him, my children, for he resembles the Prophet Joseph more than any living man. He will become president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." When he did become its president thirty-two years later, in October, 1901, he was the first person to achieve this position who had been born and reared within the Church. Of the sixty-three years that he had lived, thirty-five had been devoted to Church work as an Apostle; and during more than twenty years he had served as a counselor to Presidents Taylor, Woodruff, and Snow.

ABILITY AS A LEADER IN TEMPORAL AFFAIRS

Prior to his elevation to the Presidency, Joseph F. Smith had devoted the major portion of his Church service to the promotion of spiritual matters in the wards, stakes and missions. However, he soon gave evidence of keen insight into temporal matters as well as spiritual concerns. He continued the financial policies of President Snow with such success that by 1907 the bonded indebtedness of the Church had been paid off, and he could announce that the Church was able to meet its obligations as they arose. The continued wisdom in the expenditure of Church funds enabled the Church to commence a more rapid expansion of its influences throughout the world. Numerous ward and stake houses were erected, mission homes and mission chapels were acquired, and missionary work was augmented financially in keeping with the changing economic conditions of the missionaries and the demands of the mission fields. Numerous shrines of early Church history were acquired in Vermont, New York and Missouri. The Church undertook the construction of its first hospital in Salt Lake and erected its Bishop's Building and magnificent Church Administration Building to house the various offices of the rapidly growing Church. In addition, President Smith selected and dedicated sites for Temples in Hawaii and Canada.

Much adverse criticism was heaped upon the Church in general and President Smith personally for this

apparent outward show of what was termed a growing "worldliness" on the part of the Church. President Smith, however, had a broader vision than his small-souled critics. He made little distinction between the temporal and spiritual, or the earthly and the eternal, and viewed them as being integrally associated. He replied, "It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints that a religion that has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here, cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and exalt them in the life to come."

OUTSTANDING CONVICTIONS OF HIS LIFE

As one reads extracts from the numerous sermons and writings of this sixth President of the Church, it becomes apparent, because of the frequency with which they are stressed, that two convictions actuated him in all of his conduct and teachings: first, his testimony of Jesus and His atoning work; second, the unwavering certainty of the divinity of the Prophet Joseph Smith's mission and the reality of the truths that were revealed through him. In these revelations of God's plan of salvation, he saw that human personality and human relationships were the fundamentals that would survive in the eternities, if obedience to God's will had been shown during mortality.

FAMILY LIFE

Those who personally remember President Smith can recall that one of the outstanding characteristics of his life was the love he manifested for his family. He was never too busy to be of assistance to a little child, or to counsel someone concerning home and family life. He believed that the home was the best possible place for the training of children and stressed the responsibility of parents to win the love, admiration, and confidence of their children. His writings reveal that he considered his wives and children as his most worthwhile possessions, and felt his eternal happiness would be dependent upon their faithfulness to the Gospel.

He was confident that marriage was a God-ordained and God-sanctioned institution, not something that man or society had created. The marriage relation was, he taught, one of holiness—a relation into which every capable soul was expected to enter. The obligation of bringing children into the world was a responsibility that God placed on every mortal. He was firm in his view that no man should rule his wife or children by force or tyranny. Love was to be the only power used for control. Throughout his long and active life, he constantly placed his obligation toward his families as paramount, and he left behind a numerous posterity which manifests that he practiced within his own family the principles of kindness, love and consideration which he so often preached in public.

THE ETERNITY OF FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Not only did President Smith hold lofty conceptions of the place of family life in society and the Church, but he also was firm in his conviction that family relationships should have eternal existence. He had the prophetic ability of gaining a long-range view of the eternities

and saw that earth life was but a temporary halting place in the onward march of personal existence. In answer to the query, "Why did God teach us the eternal union of man and wife?" he answered: "Because God knew that we were . . . to remain His children forever and ever, and that we are just as truly individuals, and that our individuality was as identical as that of the Son of God, and would therefore continue, worlds without end, so that the man receiving his wife by the power of God, for time and for all eternity, would have the right to claim her and she to claim her husband in the world to come. Neither would be changed, except from mortality to immortality; neither would be other than himself or herself, but they will have their identity in the world to come precisely as they exercise their individuality and enjoy their identity here."

This concept influenced his teaching. He taught that the ultimate happiness of immortality would depend upon the success with which a family was able to train its members to obey the laws of God and thus gain salvation. This made him solicitous of the welfare of all those connected with him. In respect to this, he said, "Nobody has more interest in the welfare of my own children than I have. I cannot be satisfied without them. They are part of me. They are mine. God has given them to me, and I want them to be humble and submissive to the requirements of the Gospel. I want them to be . . . worthy of the distinction that the Lord has given them in being numbered among his covenant people . . . ."

It is interesting to read his statements concerning the motives that prompted him in selecting and dedicating the sites for the temples in Hawaii and Canada. It is true, of course, that he was thinking of salvation for the dead as part of the augmented temple program. However, he publicly said that for many it had been impossible to make the long and expensive journey to one of the Utah temples in order to be properly married. These new temples—to be followed by others, to serve remote sections of the Church population — would make temple marriages, the only valid form of marriage in God's sight, more readily available for great numbers of the young people.

HIS VISION OF THE REDEMPTION OF THE DEAD

On October 3, 1918, shortly before his death, President Smith received a vision in regard to the method of missionary work among the disembodied spirits. This vision indicates that he had long pondered the problems connected with making family ties complete in the patriarchal lineages. Shortly before he closed his mortal career, the Lord granted him this vision to enlighten the world concerning this process. It was submitted to and approved by his counselors, the Quorum of the Twelve, and the Presiding Patriarch, on October 31, 1918.

THE MARKS OF A TRUE SERVANT OF GOD

For many years, President Smith was the target for some of the vilest newspaper and periodical attacks to which any person has been subjected. In addition, his family life was openly ridiculed, and he was person-

ally insulted and annoyed by forces that were arrayed against him and the Church. Through it all, he manifested the Christ-like qualities of impersonal justice, absolute honesty, absolute sincerity, unselfishness, freedom from the spirit of retaliation, unfailing love for all men, and a calm self-control. Before he died, those of his former opponents who had once bitterly maligned him had come to see his sterling worth and were eulogistic of his greatness.

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. What were the outstanding accomplishments of the Church during the presidency of Joseph F. Smith?
2. What factors made President Joseph F. Smith a worthy successor to his predecessor in the office of President of the Church?
3. Name the two dominant characteristics that characterized the teachings and life of Joseph F. Smith.
4. How do you account for the central place he gave to the eternity of the family relationships in his teachings?

Topics for Study and Special Reports

1. Have some class member who personally remembers President Smith relate some character-revealing incident from his life which reveals his love for children.
2. Review his description of the ideal home, recorded on pp. 378-380 of *Gospel Doctrine*.
3. Make a report of the word picture of President Smith made by Judge Charles C. Goodwin (a non-Mormon). *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. VI, pp. 477-478.
4. Relate some of the incidents which indicate his solicitude for children, as found on pages 441-442 of the *Life of Joseph F. Smith*, by Joseph Fielding Smith.
5. Give a review of his "Vision of the Redemption of the Dead," found on pp. 466-471 of the *Life of Joseph F. Smith* by Joseph Fielding Smith, or pp. 596-601 of *Gospel Doctrine*.

References

B. H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. VI, pp. 368-388; 418-421; 433-434; and 476-478.

Joseph F. Smith, Article in *Relief Society Magazine*, June, 1917, p. 314 ff.

Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, especially Chapter XVI, pp. 341-399 and Chapter XXIV, pp. 538-603.

Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History*, pp. 623-625 and 631-637.

Joseph Fielding Smith, *Life of Joseph F. Smith*, especially pp. 440-486.

Joseph Fielding Smith, "Character of a Great Leader," *Deseret News*, Church Section, November 12, 1938.

Visiting Teacher

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

How We May Honor Priesthood in the Home

No. 7

The Law of Tithing and the Home

(Tuesday, April 1, 1941)

"And this shall be a standing law unto them forever." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 119:4)

"THE law of tithing is the law of revenue for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Without it, it would be impossible to carry on the purposes of the Lord." (*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 283)

The Lord has given us all that we have and asks but one-tenth to carry on His work on the earth. It is necessary to have money to care for the needy, to preach the Gospel to the world, to build and maintain temples, schools, hospitals, and meeting houses, and to do other things for the welfare of the people. These are some of the ways in which tithing is used. When children understand these things, they see the necessity of the law of tithing and are willing to do their share that the purposes of the Lord may be accomplished.

All members of the family who have been baptized come under this law. It might be helpful for mothers to arrange an allowance for work done, so that children will have an income on which to pay tithing, and thus form the habit of paying tithing early in life. If they think the amount to be paid is too small, it should be explained to them that if the sum paid is one-tenth of the allowance, it is an honest tithe and just as acceptable to the Lord as a larger amount. Generally, it is easier to pay tithing as income is received, and that practice could well be encouraged in the home. Tithing is a test of our faith in the Lord and in the Priesthood which He has restored to earth.

Home Discussion Helps

"For . . . who will have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 82:5)

Tithing is a temporal law, and blessings attached to it are temporal as well as spiritual. (*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 286)

Work-and-Business

NUTRITION

Food Facts and Food Fads

Lesson 7

(Tuesday, April 8, 1941)

FOOD FACTS

The present generation has more scientific facts about nutrition than any generation has had before. We have these facts because some of the greatest scientific minds in the world have studied the functions of the human body and the chemistry of the foods which nourish it, and their knowledge has been pooled and made available.

We know what foods are necessary to build strong, healthy bodies. We know what food can do toward maintaining the body in a state of physical fitness. We also know that certain diseases are not prevented by good nutrition and that proper diet cannot cure all of the human ailments. The human body needs the right amounts of protein, fats, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamins and water every day. These food nutrients can be supplied each day from milk, fruits, vegetables, whole grain products, eggs, meat, and water. In some families, extra vitamin fortification is needed for some members.

It makes no difference in what combinations or forms these foods are served so long as each food group is represented each day in the amounts which nutrition research workers recommend for good health. Families in the low-income group may be just as well nourished as those with more money, provided they know something about food values and select their food accordingly. The human body will make best use of an adequate food supply when the foods are prepared so that they look appetizing, taste good, and retain their food value.

More than one-third of the people in the United States are living on diets below the safety line for good nutrition. Three major reasons have combined to keep forty-five million of our population undernourished: first, bad food habits; second, lack of knowledge and application of sound nutrition principles; third, lack of adequate food supply, which may be due to low income or to insufficient food production on the individual farm.

FOOD FADS

All the advice really needed on the subject of food fads can be stated in two brief words—"avoid them."

Food fads have kept many Americans from getting enough to eat, because the followers of food fads live on an incomplete diet. Some of these diet fads are sound in some respects; for example, they may warn against overeating or against eating extra-rich pastries or highly-seasoned foods. Some may recommend large amounts of fruits and vegetables. Some of the food fads are harmless, but most of them are perniciously misleading and definitely harmful.

Promoters of food fads flourish in America more than in any other country. Food faddists are the most persistent of our recent quacks. They have persuasion and poise. They use all of the modern advertising methods to promote these fads. They succeed because they know there is no field in which sentiment and prejudice so completely replace logical thinking and sound judgment as in the field of diet. Their doctrines spread farther and faster than does scientific knowledge, because the scientist is conservative, while the faddist is usually an extremist.

It is amazing how gullible some intelligent people can be when exposed to clever advertising. They will follow literally and faithfully the diets of these irregular doctors and be callously indifferent to the scientifically-measured advice of honest doctors.

The food faddists usually have a string of letters after their names. Some of them are graduates from recognized medical colleges, but due to their irregular methods have been dropped from membership in their local and state medical associations. Many of them have degrees from third-rate institutions or from mythical schools which never did exist. The general public does not know this; and since the food faddist calls himself doctor, his public accepts his word as authoritative.

Before accepting the startling food notions promoted by these self-styled doctors, it is wise to get their rating. The American Medical Association in Chicago has a bureau of investigation with a card index listing food quacks along with other quacks and quackeries. This in-

ormation is freely available to anyone as a service of the doctors of this country in the interest of the health of the people.

Food fads break out in all sorts of forms. We are warned against such food combinations as proteins and carbohydrates, or fruit and milk, or milk and fish, or different kinds of fruits used together in the same meal. Vegetarians tell us to exclude all foods of animal origin—not only meat, but milk, cheese, and eggs. Raw food promoters tell us to eat nothing cooked. Their opponents tell us to eat nothing raw. We are told that certain foods will dry up the blood, that others are the specific cause of certain diseases, while some foods are brain foods. Some issue warnings against acid foods and some against alkaline foods. The dispensers of the so-called "health foods" would cure all our ills with vegetable juices or mineral salts or concentrates of something else. These are but a few samples of the many types of food fads which are circulating through the country and which contribute their share toward nutritional disorders in the United States, and which have no scientific backing.

Nutrition research disproves the theories regarding so-called harmful food combinations. Numerous experiments prove that proteins and carbohydrates digest as completely when eaten together as when eaten separately. We cannot separate them except in a chemical laboratory, unless we choose to live on egg white and sugar. Milk contains carbohydrate as well as protein and other food nutrients. Nature mixes them up in all our foods. There is even some protein in watermelon.

Fruit will curdle milk. Gastric juice also curdles milk soon after the milk reaches the stomach. Milk and fish get along very well together as do most other foods which the faddists claim to be harmful. Dr. Robert Hutchinson used to say of vegetarianism, "It is probably harmless, although it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness."

Modern research points to the superiority of animal over vegetable proteins. Vegetables make valuable contributions to the diet but not because of their proteins. Vegetable proteins, with the exception of those found in soy beans, are incomplete proteins. Animal proteins are complete and are essential to an optimum diet.

There is no scientific reason for taking all foods raw or for having all of them cooked. Some have more value raw, some are better cooked. Blood dries when it is exposed to air, not when it is circulating in the living body. Foods do not cause diseases. The continued lack of any one food nutrient, or of several, will cause nutritional deficiency diseases. Some people are allergic to certain foods but the discovery of these specific foods calls for individual diagnosis by a qualified physician and does not come within the field of the food faddist.

The body is provided with a very efficient mechanism for keeping body fluids on the alkaline side. There is no need to worry about alkaline foods or acid foods so long as the day's food supply contains the essential food groups previously mentioned.

Science recognizes no reducing food nor any single gaining food. We lose weight when our food in-

take provides fewer calories than our bodies burn each day. We gain if they contain more. Individuals differ in their rate of burning food in the body. A basal metabolism test will discover what this individual rate is.

All foods are health foods when taken judiciously, whether we drink them or chew them. So long as we have teeth with which to chew, there is no reason why we need to take raw carrots or other vegetables as juices in order to be healthy. There is no specific brain food. It takes a variety of all foods to nourish all parts of the body.

A little knowledge can be a very dangerous thing when used in the field of quackery. Food faddism is quackery. A fundamental knowledge of nutrition is our best weapon against food fads.

Reference

Human Nutrition, 1939 Year Book, United States Department of Agriculture, Chapter on "Food Fads; Facts, and Fancies."

Literature

THE MODERN NOVEL

Lesson 7

Song Of Years

(Tuesday, April 15, 1941)

LESSON TOPICS:

1. Comments on previous lessons
2. The author
3. The setting
4. The characters

COMMENTS ON PREVIOUS LESSONS

The previous lessons in this year's work have dealt with two significant novels: *Adam Bede*, one of George Eliot's great pieces of fiction, and *The Tree of Liberty*, an historical novel of our own country by Elizabeth Page. Each of these books gives us a picture of a past time, thus widening our knowledge of history and helping us to see life in a world of experiences remote from our own. Each depicts emotions of characters under stresses we may never actually experience, thus making truer our sense of the heights and depths of emotion that man may feel. Each gives us the views of a distinguished writer and the philosophies of varied characters under circumstances vastly different from our own, which should enrich our own philosophies.

Songs of Years may not be as rich in strictly literary values as these other books. It is less complex, and according to literary standards the greatness of a piece of writing depends upon how much it adds to our experience—emotionally, intellectually, ethically. *Song of Years* creates a world of illusion we can well understand, for we have heard our parents or grandparents relate experiences of their pioneer-

ng days much like those presented n the book. It makes us appreciate he lives of those to whom we owe ur beautiful land, comfortable omes, and our educational and in-ustrial institutions—all of which ontribute to the happiness and ichness of our lives today. We ee, through reading such books s this novel, the problems our orefathers met and solved, the ardships they courageously en-lured. A keener sense of our reat heritage from the builders f the West, of the nation as a hole, is aroused through our shar-ng the experiences Mrs. Aldrich ecords. Furthermore, we see how reams are made into realities, and hat is a definite value that the eading of good books provides. Great literature holds up before us not only life as it is but life as we would like to have it. In *Song of Years*, the ideal as well as the real is depicted. We see something of the ideal merging with the real, and it inspires us with courage to keep on giving faith to our own dreams, even in times more difficult, perhaps, than those our forefathers knew. These values will be more fully discussed in the next lesson. For the present let us consider the author.

THE AUTHOR

Bess Streeter Aldrich is one of the most popular of American novelists. She is perhaps already loved by many of you for the pleasure she gave in such delightful books as *Mother Mason*, *A Lantern in Her Hand*, *White Bird Flying*, and *Miss Bishop*. (This story, by the way, is soon to be filmed.) In all of these she depicts ideals of true and great womanhood; she reveals to us more vividly than we had seen them before, perhaps, some of our own ethical standards, our own visions.

Mrs. Aldrich was born in Cedar Falls, one of the towns she paints for us under another name in *Song of Years*. She is now fifty-one years old, at a period in life when she would enjoy turning back to the home of her youth and re-creating its early history. She received her higher education at the Iowa State Teachers' College, from which institution she was graduated in 1901. Six years later, she married Charles S. Aldrich, a banker of Elmwood, Nebraska, where she makes her home at the present time.

Her married happiness lasted but eighteen years. Her widowhood did not leave her entirely bereft, however, for she had three sons, a daughter, and her work to fill her life with interest and usefulness.

She had taught school for a number of years before her marriage—one year, of special interest to us, in Salt Lake City. Her teaching experience in her own state ranged from the public schools to the State Teachers' College, her alma mater.

She began writing early, using for a number of years, between 1911 and 1918, the pen name Margaret Dean Stevens. She was well established as a writer of novel short stories and was a contributor to the leading women's magazines before her husband's death. Since then she has written more prolifically. Besides the novels already mentioned, two others of importance are *The Cutters* and *Spring Comes Forever*.

Mrs. Aldrich is still active in scholastic circles as well as in literary organizations and is affiliated with

many groups, such as the Theta Sigma Phi, The Nebraska State Press Association, and the Omaha Women's Press.

It is not these bare facts, however, that help us to know her, but the warm, vital philosophy she breathes into her stories, a philosophy of faith in humanity too often wanting in modern fiction. (Note: Additional material about the author will be found in the article "Women in Literature," by Elsie C. Carroll, published in the August issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*, page 521; see also the article "Literature and Living," by Elsie C. Carroll, published in the November issue of the *Magazine*, page 745.)

THE SETTING

The setting of a story includes not only the time and the place of the action, but also any enveloping conditions or circumstances which have a special bearing upon the events or the characters. In this story, placed in Iowa during the time intervening between 1865 and the end of the Civil War, there are two conditions which color the story. The first is the pioneer background of the early part of the narrative; the second is the war with its causes and the subsequent results.

We are shown the gradual evolvement of two important American cities during a period of crisis in our country's history. The picture of these, which is typical of many others, helps us to better understand the growth of the whole nation during that time. So, as with *Tree of Liberty*, we are given, through the setting, a keener awareness of fundamental elements in our national life.

Through the treatment of the pioneer background of the first part of the story, we see the closeness of the characters to the soil, how their love for the land is mingled with their dreams of homes and a future of freedom and usefulness—essentially the foundation of American democracy. The feelings of Wayne Lockwood when he reaches the spot toward which he had traveled many days is typical of the feelings of our own pioneer forefathers when they reached their land of dreams.

"The young man drew a quick excited breath. Wood . . . creek . . . gravel . . . sand . . . flowing springs . . . rich loam . . . This was it. For this he had come the long miles . . . . 'God,' he exclaimed aloud . . . . Long he stood there gazing at the picture. 'Yes, this is it.' His voice trembled with the emotion of the moment. To have come all this distance to claim that which was his own, not knowing just where it would lie . . . and now at last to see it before him . . . . He took off his cap . . . 'Wayne Lockwood,' he grinned, 'do you take this land to be your lawfully wedded own, to have and to hold in sickness and in health?' . . . Jocularly he made answer in a feminine voice: 'I do.' "

The picture of simple pioneer life in the Martin home, with weddings, and other kinds of celebrations, the unique pioneer home activities, the wholesome hospitality to strangers, and the true neighborliness are delightfully painted.

Just as vividly is the background of the growing towns woven in—the political strategies growing from jealousies, the growth of pride in community achievements, patriotism when war looms, the gloom cast over the nation when the beloved Lincoln is assassinated. We see the universal in the particular when the author portrays the grief of one of Lincoln's great admirers, serious,

eep-souled Henry Martin. After is brother had called to him, "Lin-oln's been shot!" Henry left his am standing in the field and hur-ed to join the other members of he family at the fence. Then he be-an to talk. His sister suddenly ealized she had never heard him in l her life say more than three or our sentences at a time. But now e spoke without pause:

"There was never anybody like him. e was different from all other men, I ll you. Somethin' set him apart. I on't know what. I doubt if anybody nows . . . or ever will. . . . I never saw im in my life, and yet I know him well. ike a close friend. Times when I've been lowin' or plantin' and harvestin' it almost eems he's been walkin' along side o' ie. . . . " etc. (p. 452)

THE CHARACTERS:

The characters are realized in such novel as *Song of Years* largely hrough their relation to the setting. t is the setting that makes the char-cters what they are. To an extent, lso, the characters make the setting vhat it is. The leading men mold he two growing towns in Red Cedar Valley. Men like Lincoln mold the ation. But the environment af-ects the individuals. Wayne Lock-vood, the leading man in the story, s a different man from what he vould have been had he not follow-d his dream of a home in a land of reater opportunity across the con-inent, if he had not struggled to uild that home, adjusted to a new et of customs and ideals. Rivals, ike Cady Bedson, challenge his ourage and resourcefulness from he beginning to the end of the tory. Men such as his friendly eighbor, Jeremiah Martin, stimulate is ambitions and his ideals. He is not perfect. He goes on for years blind to the love of a real woman and falls under the deceptive glam-our of a false one. He allows per-sonal interests to defer his entering the war when most patriotic men are sacrificing every selfish interest for their country. But he is more good than bad, more strong than weak, and he triumphs over his weak-nesses and makes his greatest dreams come true. (A few of the pages re-vealing his character are: 3 to 38; 62; 156ff; 259ff; 336ff; 347ff; 371.)

The chief character is Suzanne Martin, whose story the author tells us in the first chapter of the novel. We see all that happens through the personality of Suzanne, who changes during the progress of the novel from an immature, dreaming girl, the favorite of her father and brothers, to a mature woman. She is not understood by her realistic sisters, because she lives part of the time in the world of imagination and make-believe. Misunderstanding and sorrow are experiences which bring about the development of her rich and gentle nature. (Her character is revealed in sections such as those on pp. 29; 58; 284; 290; 322; 355ff; 363; 382; 405; 433; 472ff.)

Suzanne's father, Jeremiah Mar-tin, is genial, talkative, political-minded, ready to give service wher-ever and whenever it is needed. He is very independent, declaring that he would "rather raise skunks for a liv-ing than work for anyone else." He is laughed at by his children, who, nev-ertheless, adore him and feel that "the country just couldn't get along without him, nor the valley—maybe the whole state." (Pages revealing some of his characteristics are: 28ff;

115ff; 141; 165; 201; 272; 415; 410; 480.)

Sarah, the mother, is sharp-tongued, sometimes complaining. She feels that Jeremiah is more interested in doing for others than for his own and that she must use drastic measures to secure comforts for herself and family. She is practical, capable, and, as Pa says, "nobody's fool—smart as horse-radish, Ma is." She is a lieutenant in her own home; she makes Christmases, weddings, etc., memorable occasions, marshalling her seven daughters with skill. She is a practical nurse, with courage and sheer force of will to defeat death when it comes to claim her loved ones. (Illuminating passages are found on the following pages: 116; 153ff; 268.)

The seven Martin sisters are individualized in a remarkable manner. Each one stands out in some interesting way. Emily is the stay-at-home, who secretly loves Wayne but is too noble to try to win him when she knows that Suzanne, her baby sister, loves him too. She is so self-sacrificing that she makes over her own best dress as a wedding dress for her sister. Sabina is generous, giving freely to her family after her successful marriage. When she discovers that she will never be a mother, she does not allow her disappointment to narrow her life as some women do. Instead, she sublimates her disappointment in noble war work. Jeanne is high spirited and lovable. She likes all the young men but, ironically, chooses the wrong one for her mate and has anything but a happy married life.

And so with the other girls and the two Martin brothers, the novelist shows skill in making each different from the others, each a significant person to know.

As one critic of the book says, "The men are all industrious, optimistic individuals with their eyes fixed on the future and minds filled with the American dream; the women are helpful, self-sacrificing, simple, with infinite capacity for labor, suffering, tenderness and sympathy."

In contrast to much of our present-day literature, it is refreshing to meet the characters in this novel and to feel that they are men and women such as we visit with over our back fences, people such as we are ourselves—not perfect, but with a spark of the divine. They are carriers of the American dream.

In the next lesson the plot of the story will be summarized and the theme discussed. A summary of some points on the entire course will be given.

Study Helps

1. Assign beforehand a very brief report on American history of the period covered by the book.

2. Discuss the setting. Point out similarities between the development of the part of Iowa pictured in the book and the development of our part of the country. The coming of the railroad, the post office, the school bell, the telegraph system, etc., make interesting topics.

3. Which one of Suzanne's sisters do you find most interesting? Why? (Several short responses could be given.)

4. Compare the wholesome, happy life in the Martin family with that of some large Utah families you know, pointing out the distinct advantages members of large families have.

5. Compare the types of characters in this book with the sordid, futile characters in some well-known recent novel and draw conclusions as to the relative values to be gained from knowing both types.

Social Service

EDUCATION FOR FAMILY LIFE

Family Relationships

Lesson 6

Home Owning or Home Renting

(Tuesday, April 22, 1941)

THE problem of shelter is one of those problems with which every person, young or old, married or single, is confronted. Even though the person may not be responsible for providing his own shelter, he is concerned with that which is provided for him. The great majority of people, however, do not consider the problem seriously until they begin to plan for marriage, at which time, to most young people of today, it becomes an almost insurmountable obstacle.

Probably every landlord who has apartments for rent has had the experience of facing the disappointed, discouraged expression on the faces of young couples who, after they have inspected the apartment, learn that the amount of rent asked is far beyond what their budget will allow for shelter, even after every possible economy has been figured in.

If already married, the young couple may choose between taking an apartment quite different from the cozy, cheery one they had pictured in their minds or they may devise means whereby they can increase their income. About the only way this can be achieved in the immediate future is for the wife to get a job. Then, with the two incomes, they can manage to secure the standard of housing of which they had dreamed—but what a price they pay. The great majority of young people, even before they are married, cherish the dream of someday owning their own home, and, sooner or later, the moment arrives when they must decide whether they shall build or buy a home for themselves or continue to live in rented quarters. And we may add that all too many couples make their decision on the basis of an insufficient knowledge of the facts upon which such an important decision should be determined.

It shall not be the purpose in this discussion to suggest that any particular family, or families in general, should rent or should own their own shelter, but rather to emphasize the fact that each case must be decided according to the specific circumstances surrounding the particular family, and to point out some of the major advantages and disadvantages with which the home owner and the renter are faced, also to present a few basic points that should be considered in selecting shelter, whether owned or rented.

In discussing family housing, Howard E. Bigelow lists the following arguments as those most frequently presented in favor of renting:

It costs less to rent than to own.
For the same expenditure, a family can

maintain a higher shelter standard by renting than by owning.

The family renting its home pays for shelter as it goes.

By investing in sound securities the amount it would spend if it bought a home, it can frequently secure a larger return upon its investment.

The renting family is in no danger from loss of capital through decline in property values.

If rents decline, the renter can benefit from reductions in shelter costs.

The renter's chief obligation is the payment of a periodic sum.

The renting family has no responsibility for the management of the property in which it lives.

If it rents an apartment, it may have no responsibility for providing heat, utilities, or for assuming any other operating expenses.

The renter is free to move at any time when conditions become unsatisfactory, or when better housing is available elsewhere. The renter can, therefore, adjust more easily to changing shelter needs.

If his income is radically reduced, he can move to less expensive quarters to bring his shelter expense into line with his income.

He is not faced with fixed charges for maintaining his home.

If his income increases, he can move to a better neighborhood.

The renter can bargain better than can the home owner in selling his services to his employer.

He can move to another town if necessary in order to take advantage of promotions.

In case he loses his job, he is not tied to the community in which he lives by his investment in his home.

The same author says, "The usual arguments in favor of home ownership run somewhat as follows:

It costs less to own than to rent.

Home ownership reduces shelter costs to a definitely known figure.

The family that owns its home is not subject to rent increases.

A family can reduce shelter costs by making its own repairs.

Home ownership induces thrift, especially if the home is purchased on the installment plan.

A home is a safe investment for a family.

The family may profit from increases in property values.

A family that owns its own home finds it easier to establish its credit.

Home ownership is a means of establishing financial independence.

Home ownership makes the family independent of control by a landlord.

There are no restrictions upon children.

There are no limits to the size of the family.

There are no restrictions upon pets.

The family is free to make such alterations and improvements in its home as it pleases.

The family can secure healthful exercise from work around the home.

A neighborhood of owned homes is usually better kept up than is a neighborhood made up largely of rental property.

Home ownership provides security for the family.

It assures the members of the family of a home in their old age.

It guarantees them a place to live during periods of unemployment.

It provides them with a permanent environment.

Home ownership makes it unnecessary for the family to be adjusting continually to new conditions.

Home ownership in many cases increases the family's social prestige and strengthens its position in the community.

Home owners are considered to be permanently identified with the community.

They are expected to assume more civic responsibility.

Their voice has more weight in community affairs.

It is of interest to note that both lists of arguments begin with the declaration that it costs less. People, generally, are agreed that it costs more to own than to rent. The owner who claims that it costs less usually fails to figure in the interest on his investment, the depreciation and upkeep and possibly some other items of expense.

In deciding the value of home wnership, it must not be placed on n economic basis alone, because he real values of home ownership ll largely into the non-material ategory.

Long before one hundred and ight years ago when some nostalgic merican composed the words of Home Sweet Home," the great nass of the people of our country ad the ambition and a burning de- re to own their homes. To live in he home one owns is a sentiment eep in the heart of the American. Our recent president, Herbert Hoov- r, made the following statement in he foreword of *How to Own Your Home*: "Maintaining a high per- entage of individual home owners s one of the searching tests that now hallenge the people of the United States. The present large propor- ion of families that own their nomes is both the foundation of a sound economic and social system nd a guarantee that our society will continue to develop rationally as changing conditions demand.

"A family that owns its home akes pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful, and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children. The home owner has a constructive aim in life. He works harder outside his home; he spends his leisure more profitably; he and his family live a finer life and enjoy more of the comforts and cultivating influences of our modern civiliza- tion. A husband and wife who own their home are more apt to save. They have an interest in the ad- vancement of a social system that permits the individual to store up the fruits of his labor. As direct taxpayers, they take a more active part in local government. Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest of inspirations of our people."

Home ownership has virtually been accepted as a doctrine of our Church. The Latter-day Saint peo- ple have always been admonished by their leaders to strive to own their own homes and to keep them free from mortgages.

The person paying for a home on the installment plan, the method most people must use, or the person who has a mortgage on his home, does not own his home—he has only an equity in it to the amount of that portion of the valuation which is free from debt.

As has previously been stated, ev- ery couple must decide for them- selves whether or not it would be advisable for them to buy a home. The primary consideration is well stated by Stuart Chase, who says, "A lot of us feel better if we own, and that feeling demands respectful consideration. Let us try, however, to detach the desire from mere pos- session and transfer it to the sense of living. Will this projected house reduce our worries, reduce our risks, reduce our headaches, and make a peaceful, homelike atmosphere real- ly possible? If the chances look good, buy. If they do not look good, rent. What one seeks, after all, is not a parchment, but peace."

It is unwise for any family to de- cide offhand to change from the status of a renter to an owner, or to decide such questions as to where to buy or what kind of a house to buy. These are questions worthy of pains- taking investigation and careful thought based on the advice and in-

formation of trained people in various fields. The many points for decision should constitute the subject for discussion during numerous sessions of the family council.

Some of the most important questions upon which expert advice should be secured are:

Tenure of the breadwinner in his job, so far as can be known.

The best possible method of financing such a venture. For most home owners, the purchase of a home represents the largest single outlay he will make during his lifetime.

All aspects of the location—physical and social.

The type of house to build. If finances are not sufficient to build an adequately large house now, provision should be made for adding additional rooms. The size of house desirable while the children are growing may be entirely too large after the children are married.

The amount of money that the particular family should invest in a house. The total costs of ownership are usually calculated at approximately 10% to 12.5% of the investment. On this basis a family should not invest in a home more than from two to two and one-half times their annual income. Hence, on an annual income of $2500 the home should not cost more than from $5000 to $6250.

Selection of architect, if one is to be used, and also a reliable contractor. In contemplating all matters, a long-time point of view should be maintained, since a well-built house serves on an average of fifty years.

The effect of the purchase of a home on the future life of the family.

It should be remembered that the advantages and disadvantages of home owning as well as the advantages and disadvantages of renting may, to a great extent, be modified either positively or negatively by the homemaking attitudes of the family. The purchase of a home may bring unhappiness and resentment into the family or it may bring peace and contentment. Always the aim should be to make of home a place of refuge for the family.

Questions and Problems

1. Make a list of the physical factors to be considered in the selection of a home.
2. Make a list of the social factors to be considered in the selection of a home.
3. Give examples to prove each one of the advantages suggested by ex-President Hoover in regard to owning one's home.
4. Compare the effects of renting and owning a home as they relate to the rearing of children.
5. Make a list of the different types of specialists who should be consulted in preparation for building or buying a home.

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Mission
LATTER-DAY SAINT CHURCH HISTORY

(To be used by missions in lieu of Literature, if so desired)

Lesson XVI

The New Home in the Mountains

(Tuesday, April 15, 1941)

AS you may remember, the pioneer company entered the Salt ake Valley in July, 1847. All told, ney numbered one hundred and xty-eight persons, for Amasa Lyman had brought three men with im from Pueblo on the Monday ollowing the entrance of the pioeers. After the departure of about alf of the pioneer men to return or their families, there still remaind in the Valley about two hundred nen and women. This is to be acounted for by the fact that meanime more than a hundred Battalion nen had arrived from Pueblo.

On June 19 of this year, there had eft the Missouri River a company f about eighteen hundred men, vomen, and children. They had beween six and seven hundred covred wagons. This group was under he direction of the Apostles Parley '. Pratt and John Taylor. On the outh Pass Plain, they met the reurning pioneers under the leaderhip of Brigham Young and the ther seven Apostles. They entered he Salt Lake Valley some time in October. In the meantime some Mormon Battalion men, who had been discharged on the Coast, arived in the Valley.

During the winter of 1847-48, here were in the new mountain ome between two thousand and wenty-one hundred persons.

One can easily imagine how critical was their situation that winter. Here they were, eleven hundred miles from their people on the Missouri, seven hundred miles from what is now Los Angeles, and eight hundred miles from what is now San Francisco. In this vast region, silent as a great forest, were only wild animals, wilder Indians, and a few fur traders and trappers. As the people did not know much about the natives, except what they had heard and read about them, they were more or less fearful. To make matters worse, however, they did not have quite enough food to last them till the harvest the next fall. They would, therefore, have to be careful on more than one account.

Fortunately, that first winter in the Valley was what is called an open winter. That is, there was almost no snow and very little frost. The men were able to plow during the months of December and January, and were ready for seed planting long before spring came. They had measured off the Big Field, a five-acre patch of ground, and fenced it. This was cultivated in common —plowed, harrowed, planted, and watered.

Already, of course, a fort had been built to protect the people from Indians, and within this enclosure were log houses, with earth floors and earth roofs. Here all the settlers

lived till they could erect better houses on land outside the fort. In this fort, too, they danced, they sang songs and hymns, they held religious services, and here babies were born.

ONE of the first things these people did was to establish a school and a government.

The government, of course, was religious. The district was made into a stake. John Smith, Charles C. Rich, and John Young were the presidency. They had been appointed by the Apostles at the time when the two companies met at South Pass. As you may remember, there were ten Apostles there—eight going back to the Missouri and two coming on to the Valley. Gradually, this government became partly political, so as to give more power to the officers.

Some of the rules, made by a committee and sustained by the people, are interesting. Every able-bodied man was compelled to work to sustain his family, so that they would not be a burden on the community. If he would not work, he was declared a "vagrant," and what property he had was administered in the interest of his family. Certain crimes were forbidden, on pain of the lash—"not exceeding thirty-nine lashes on the bare back." These rules, it seems, were not broken by anyone, but the punishment stood ready as a threat to the wrong-doer. Of course, there were judges, before whom any offenders were to be tried.

As for the school, that was held in a tent till a better place could be built. The pupils sat around on logs, they used burnt sticks for pencils, and they read from the *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon*. The Saints felt that it was necessary for everyone to be able to read.

BEFORE the crops could be matured, the little colony ran out of food. They had to live partly on roots, berries, milk, and whatever else they could find. During the winter, some of the men had gone to the Coast to see whether they might buy some cattle. They bought some, to be sure, on credit, but on the way home some of the animals were lost, others died, and still others were stolen by Indians. In spite of all the settlers could purchase their food supplies gradually gave out.

In the spring most of the families moved out of the fort. It had never been comfortable. It furnished but cramped quarters at best. A whole family had to live in one room, and when it rained the roof leaked. It was not a pleasant experience to have thin mud trickling down on everything. And so, as soon as they could safely do so, they went out on the land, where they could have more room and fewer discomforts.

When the corn, peas, beans, and cucumbers pushed their green stalks through the ground, a frost came and turned them all black. When the wheat was nearly ripe, crickets swarmed down from the canyons and began to devour the grain.

The story of how the crops were saved is one of the most inspiring stories that the West has produced.

THE cricket is described in the records of the period as a heavy, clumsy, hopping insect, about the size of a large man's thumb. It had a ravenous appetite. It would crawl

p a luscious stem of wheat, nip off
ıe head neatly, then follow it to
ıe ground as it fell, and feed until
was satisfied. If there had been
nly a few of these crickets, food
ould be spared for them. But there
ere more than a few. There were
ıyriads of them—enough to eat the
ıtire crop. Every green thing went
own before them.

When the crickets first appeared,
ıe settlers all turned out to destroy
ıem. They ran toward the field
ith brooms, mops, sticks, strips of
oth, even bells. But where one
as killed, a hundred, it seemed,
ame to the funeral. Then the men
ug trenches, filled them with water,
nd swept as many of the pests as
ossible into the trenches to drown;
ut the crickets hopped out again.
he settlers tried fire, but the fire
urned the grain as well as the crick-
ts. Then the people, very much dis-
eartened and frightened, went to
ıeir homes to see if prayer would
ot be effective in ridding them
f the pests. They had done
ıeir best, and now, if they were
ıved at all, their salvation would
ave to come from the Lord.

They had no sooner risen from
ıeir knees than the sky was overcast
ith what appeared to be a huge
oud. It was a great host of white-
inged birds, known to them as sea
ulls. In consternation, the settlers
id to themselves and to one an-
ther, "These, too, have come to
estroy; they will eat what the crick-
ts have left."

But the gulls had not come for
ıat purpose, as the settlers were to
e. They gorged, not on the wheat,
ut on the crickets. When the
irds' crops were filled, they went to the salt sea and disgorged. Then they returned to the fields to repeat the process. They did this till all the crickets were gone and the lake was black with their small dead bodies. That is how the Mormon settlers were saved.

The Saints have always remembered this event with gratitude to God for answering their prayers and saving them. Now there stands on Temple Square, in Salt Lake City, Utah, a monument to the sea gull—the only one ever erected to birds.

MEANTIME, another great train of covered wagons jerked its slow way across the prairie and through the mountain passes on the road to the Salt Lake Valley. This was headed by the Apostles. The train arrived in the Valley in September, 1848, the second company of immigrants.

The population of the Salt Lake Valley rose now to between four and five thousand.

Questions

1. About how many people were there in the Valley during that first winter?
2. Tell how they lived. How many Apostles were with them?
3. What were some of the dangers at that time? What did the settlers know about the Indians?
4. Why should they have run out of food?
5. What first disaster did they suffer?
6. Tell about the crickets.
7. Why was it so terrible for the crops to be destroyed because of the crickets?
8. How were the crops saved?
9. Have you ever seen the Sea-Gull Monument in Salt Lake City? What does it mean to us? (There is a law in Utah prohibiting the killing of the gull.)

Song to be Sung or Read

It is suggested that "High on the Mountain Top" be sung or read. The words of

this song are by Joel H. Johnson, one of the most prolific of writers. He was an American, converted in Ohio in 1831. He came to Utah and was a bishop for many years. The general idea back of this poem is that in Utah a banner will be unfurled under which all the nations might live. The stanzas treat the following: the banner; the promises of God; the house of the Lord; the teaching to be received there; hail to Deseret; truth is found in Deseret.

"Genuine American Oriental—Greatly Reduced"

(Continued from page 38)

"No, you don't. I'll get supper. You lie down and rest. I'll put the spuds on, then go out and chore, and fix the rest when I come back in. Don't you worry. Your old man's a good cook."

"Oh, Harry, you're so good. I'll never do another thing without asking you," said Helen tremulously, as she went toward the bedroom.

If Harry believed her, he didn't say so. Instead, he covered her gently with a shawl, for the evening air had grown chilly. As Helen lay there, her hands pressing her handkerchief over her aching eyes, she murmured wearily, "Oh, well, any day can end!"

Out in the kitchen, Harry was attempting to rebuild the fire. He swore softly, for the grate was filled with damp orange rinds. "Seems like women just can't learn," he muttered to himself.

"Popularity"

(Continued from page 32)

of popularity. A sort of excitement madness characterizes the usually socially-important group, for they do not think. Everyone wants to be popular. But there are many kinds and grades of popularity available on the present social market. Some take less down payment, but are ruinously expensive in the end. Others require a heavy investment of the best there is in you, but pay larger and choicer dividends as friendships grow. It's all in the Business of Living. How successful your business is depends far more upon your self-management, your social skills, and a sense of community with your fellows than upon your luck, or looks, or lucre.

"Non-raters, let's stop mooning and moaning, envying and nursing secret sorrows, trying to be dauntless lone wolves yet paying too heavily for it.

"Raters, let's stop blind rushing and gushing, cliquing and 'cutting,' being dogs in a social manger that deal out pitifully cheap rations. In this popularity business, there's a life-sized social experiment to set up and carry through."

Quotations used by permission of Willet, Clark and Company, Chicago, Illinois

Give Me Melodies

Ivy H. Woolley

GIVE me a melody
From out the languid skies;
Give me a melody
That sings through sparkling eyes,
A melody that stirs
From cool, damp lips of spring.
Give me a melody
And let me learn to sing.

Give me the melody
That rippling water knows,
The secret melody
That clings to fainting snows;
Give me a melody,
A song as undefiled
As waxen tint that glows
Upon a sleeping child.

Give me the melody
That floats from soaring wings;
A quiet melody
The hidden zephyr sings;
Give me the melody
A rose tree breathes at morn
When from her leafy breast,
The scented buds are born.

Give me the song of love
A mother softly sings,
As through her tasks she works
At common homey things.
Give me the song of hope
As sung by pioneers,
While courage filled their hearts
Assuaging want and fears.

Oh, give me melodies,
A song for everything;
My praise to God on high
Forever let me sing.

Happy New Year

IT'S an old, old greeting, and it often used too causally. A New Year gives proper cause for reflection; reflection, not alone upon the failures and successes of the past, but also upon the strength or the weakness of the armour with which each of us girds himself for the battle of the New Year.

It is as true as it is trite to say that the peoples of the world look forward to the New Year with hope, commingled with fear and foreboding. It is equally true, and perhaps equally trite, to observe that nothing that happened during 1940 disproved what mankind has learned to look upon as truth, namely, that justice and fair-dealing are the best weapons with which to meet whatever challenge the future holds.

And so, with full assurance that our wish has every likelihood of fulfillment, we say

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